

SEE THAT YOU GET THE ORANGE LEAFLET INSIDE

PEARSON'S
 £2,000
 Free Insurance. **WEEKLY**

TRIPLES

OUR
NEW COMPETITION.
 (See first page.)

No. 1040.]

POSTAGE,
 ONE PENNY.

REGISTERED FOR
 TRANSMISSION TO CANADA.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 23, 1910.

ENTERED AT
 STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., etc., lecturing on Food, says: "The chief text in the Gospel of Nutrition is that Tea and Coffee are not foods at all, while Cocoa is an admirable and sustaining diet. Than FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA no better food product of this nature can be obtained or used."

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The oldest house in the trade.
 Established 1728.

"Not a stimulant merely for the moment, but a Permanent and Agreeable form of Nourishment."

The first two meals of the day are the most important because the food then eaten dissolves to nourish the cells of the body ere the day's work is done. Therefore at breakfast and at mid-day, the intake of some concentrated nourishing food is imperative. Cocoa is pre-eminently such a substance. As a drink it is refreshing, stimulating, comforting; as a food it gives energy, force, vitality, flesh, and a current of rich blood to its partaker. This cannot be said of tea and coffee. Mere infusions, they do not nourish, but only stimulate for a brief period. When trying Cocoa, try the one which tops the Honours List, and was introduced by the oldest house in the trade.

300 GRANDS PRIX, GOLD MEDALS; &c.

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THAT'S the secret of its marvellous success. It lets the hair grow. No forcing, no weird massaging, tugging, rending, or other scalp gymnastics need be performed with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. It lets the hair grow by removing all obstructions, by killing all harmful germ life. It penetrates the scalp and gets right down to the roots of the choked-up follicles, and frees the tender hair, so that it can fight through.

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"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is a liquid preparation delicately perfumed, and is absolutely safe under all circumstances. It is the Best Hair Tonic because it removes the actual source of trouble in the scalp and lets the hair grow. Sold in bottles. Prices: 1/-, 2/-, and 3/- per bottle. If not obtainable locally, a trial-bottle will be sent, Post Free, to any address in the United Kingdom upon receipt of Postal Order.

FREE.—A descriptive pamphlet, explaining the uses of all the "Vaseline" Preparations, will be sent post free on application.

The word "Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of the
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 AWAY.

NEW
 DESIGNS.



Patronized by H.M. the QUEEN of SWEDEN.
 GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of Pearson's Weekly, 23.6.1910. On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of our Prudential Real Seamless Woven Half-Guinea

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 Regd.

suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered, in Thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, with

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GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!

REPEAT
 ORDERS RECEIVED
 FROM THE
 ROYAL PALACE
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Testimonial.
 Sir—on Cotton, W. Farnham, Surrey.
 The Duchess of Fina's writes thanking Messrs. F. Hodgson and Sons for sending the Prudential Brussels Carpet and Rug, and enclosing one guinea for the Blanket and towel likewise advertised.

With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send Two Carpets and TWO RUGS Illustrated Bargains, Catalogues for 10/6 of Carpets, etc., post free.

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SOMETHING
THAT EVERY
MAN,
WOMAN,
OR CHILD,
CAN DO IN
THEIR SPARE
TIME
TO INCREASE
THEIR
INCOME.**

1/6
**WILL START
YOU ON
THE ROAD TO
SUCCESS.**

**Make Money in your
Spare Time, or, better
still, start in business
for yourself.**

Many people who have answered advertisements for spare time employment have been disappointed in the offers that have been made to them, and, more than likely, bitten if they have taken hold of the propositions. Fraudulent advertisers of this kind are ever springing up like mushrooms, but still there are occupations that you can take up with profit, no matter what your walk in life may be, and whether you have only a few hours a week or several each day. Our New Book tells you all about these employment schemes and warns you against the catch-penny advertisers. The title of our book is "MONEY-MAKING SCHEMES, for full or spare time," the object of which is to assist those willing to help themselves, and to enable persons of small means to engage in permanent and profitable enterprises of their own. Young men are often discouraged because there are no desirable vacancies in the various trades and professions, but that does not justify them in remaining idle. There is always something in this big world for willing hands to do, and patient, faithful labour is sure of its ultimate reward. Be independent; work for yourself. Any honourable business of your own, no matter how humble it may be, is better than being a slave for others. The man of pluck and energy doesn't despise a small beginning, he makes of it a stepping-stone to something higher. You can start at first in your spare time. The price of this little volume is only 1/6, and to those who are ambitious to engage in an independent, money-making business in any locality, it is worth its weight in gold many times over. Address to "THE MONEYMAKER," 28 Belmont Gardens, West Hartlepool.

**NO
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REQUIRED**

For many of these
recommended
money-making
suggestions.

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For Clerks,
Artisans,
Workers in
Factories,
Shop Assistants,
Insurance
or other Agents,
Tommy Atkins,
Naval Men,
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Every Man,
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FOR ALL.

**£360 IN ONE
WEEK**

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SOLUTIONS SUPPLIED BY ME, and nu-
merous Big Prizes ranging in value from
£250, £100, £50, £25, £10 to £5,
have filled the pockets of those who have
bought my solutions.

Here are some of my recent winners:—
Terrible Stomach—Tyrant Swivel-eyed.
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I am making a special study of Pearson's
Weekly solutions, and can supply real, live,
up-to-date, prize-winning chances, guaranteed
exclusive. Why not let me put you in the
Prize Lists? A monthly subscription of
3s. 6d. only may gain you a small fortune, as
it has done for so many others.

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Four for 1s. and stamped address.
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you wish to protect the honour
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read the exposure of the vile
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This book is dedicated by per-
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Countess of Aberdeen, and has
received the approval of the
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GREAT SURPRISE**

It comes as a great surprise to most people
when they are told on good authority that it
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price for a well-made, stylish, gentlemanly
suit. But our popular Ludgate Style is
a positive proof. It is not only a thoroughly
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but it is really well made, cleverly cut, care-
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perfect taste. Our extraordinary economical
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to distribute the expense over several
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for PATTERNS of a full range of attractive
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being made up, and including:—Wool, Cheviot,
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Stripes both broad and narrow, in Olive Brown
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WE DELIVER this Handsome Well-tailored
Suit to all approved orders

For **2/6** with
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and if you are satisfied with the garments when
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is payable by six monthly instalments of 4/-.
If you are in any way disappointed we im-
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EVERY GENTLEMAN who appreciates
style, comfort, and economy, should send a
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Say if Dark or Light Patterns are preferred.

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£900 IN PRIZES**

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corroborate two exceptionally smart Doubles or
Singles for the competitions in next week's issues of
Answers and The Bits. Those prepared to act honourably
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REAL DEVONSHIRE CREAM

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the most efficacious substitute for cod-liver oil;
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"Pearson's Weekly."



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**THE ADVENTURES OF
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Author of "The Beetle," "The Strange Wooing of Mary Bowler," etc.

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"The story is written with remarkable power and sparkles with brilliant dialogue."—STAR.

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"Those who love a love tale will love this one."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

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"There is . . . the same thread of human love running through the narrative
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"This novel by the late Ian MacLaren will surely be accounted one of his
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Author of "Just a Girl," "The Outcast of the Family," etc.

Sold by all booksellers, 6d. each, or post free (inland) for 8d. each; three volumes for 1/6; six for 3/4; and
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list of Sirpeny Novels (over 120 Titles) may be obtained on application.

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Mrs. BROOKES, the Eminent Lady Specialist,
as much pleasure in announcing that her remedy
for restoring health without medicine is the
only certain and speedy one known.

I GUARANTEE EVERY CASE.

Send at once stamped addressed envelope for full particu-
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Mrs. Stanford Brookes (Dept. 121), Catford,
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ALWAYS ASK FOR

ZIG-ZAG
BEST CIGARETTE PAPER

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are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof.
Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the
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SUITS AND SUIT LENGTHS.—Patterns
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—C. E. Brierley & Co., 25 Station Street, Huddersfield,
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MRS. F. W. SHAFER BENNYON, THE
EMINENT SPECIALIST, has much pleasure in
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Medicine is the only one known. Every Lady should
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cluding hundreds of testimonials of complete cures,
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TYPEWRITING.—Novelists, story-writers,
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Miss Morris, 14 Bridge Road, Hammersmith, London,
W. Special reduction for long stories.

ASTROLOGY.—Events, Changes, Fortunate
Days, Business Success, Matrimony. Two years'
future added. Send birth-date, 1/- P.O.—Prof. Gould,
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**A. E. Co., Broadheath Rubber Works, Mr. Man-
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Specialists in rubber travelling requisites for both
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INCREASE YOUR INCOME by selling
Remnants and Ready-mades. Bargain parcels, 5/-,
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from Varicocele and its accompanying debility
nervous weakness should send for illustrated
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only reliable and painless method. No
long sealed, post free, two stamps.—L. B. N. &
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STRENGTH.—How Lost; How Recovered.
Interesting and instructive remarks to
middle-aged men on "How to Preserve
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ASTROLOGY.—Your future (impersonal)
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68 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London,
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INCOME TAX.—If you wish to
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FREE TEETH.
Artificial Teeth supplied free to the
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a lifelong sufferer from superfluous hair
of a means which permanently destr-
and will send particulars free on request
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PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 1040.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 23, 1910.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.

TRIPLES.

£25 in Prizes Guaranteed.

EACH CONTEST COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

YOU CAN ALL COMPETE.

In response to the appeal of numerous readers we have decided to continue our Triples competition in which we recently awarded a large number of rubber shares.

This time, however, money prizes are offered instead of rubber shares, and we guarantee that a sum of at least £25 will be distributed amongst the winners in our first contest.

To make a "Triple" you take any one of the sets of three letters given below and think out three words which begin with the same letters as those of the set which you have chosen. These initial letters may be used in any order you like. The words thought out should form a sentence or phrase in themselves. This sentence or phrase is called a "Triple."

Amongst the senders of the best "Triples" we undertake to distribute a sum of not less than £25. It may be very much more.

Here is an example which will show you at a glance how to make Triples.

Supposing you are given the letters, M. S. R. Using these letters as initials, you may make the following sentences or phrases: **M**iddlesex **S**cores **R**apidly, **R**oosevelt **S**ucceeded **M**anfully, or **S**trike's **R**esult, **M**isery.

In this week's competition the sets of letters from which we want you to make Triples are:

D. B. C. G. N. R. M. D. L.

In making your Triples, remember it is not necessary to keep the letters in the order in which we have placed them. For instance, the sets of letters given are D. B. C., G. N. R., M. D. L.—you may make them D. C. B., or N. G. R., or D. M. L., if you think it will help you to make a better Triple.

When you have made your Triple to your satisfaction, write it out on the entry form opposite and send it on to us at once in accordance with the rules for competitors. Bear in mind that only one Triple must be written on an entry form. If you make more than one Triple, even with the same initials or with different variations of these initials, each Triple must be written on a separate entry form.

Now that you see how Triples are made, start at once to make some of your own. Be sure you post your Triples on to us, and you may be a winner of a good big cheque.

RULES WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form or they will be disqualified. If more than one attempt is made, each must be written on a separate entry form.

2. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach to it a *postal order for sixpence*, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

WHAT A FATE!

A GENTLEMAN was once showing a countryman round a Zoo, when they came to a cage containing a kangaroo.

"What is that?" inquired the countryman.

"Oh," replied the gentleman, "that is a native of Australia!"

Immediately the countryman threw up his arms in horror, exclaiming: "Goodness gracious, my sister married one of them!"

UNWELCOME SUCCESS.

He rang the bell of a suburban house, and when the master appeared he said earnestly:

"Could you, sir, for the love of heaven, give a hard-working but unfortunate man some employment?"

The householder laid his hand cordially on the other's ragged shoulder.

"Here's work for you right on the spot," he said. "I've got out in my backyard a great pile of wood that—"

"Thank you, sir," said the man, as he gently shook the hand from his shoulder. "I'll let my friend know at once. It's not for myself I'm hunting a job, but for a man a little way up the road."

"No," said Kadley, "I never associate with my inferiors. Do you?"

"Really, I can't say!" replied Miss Cutting. "I don't think I ever met any of your inferiors!"

"I saw you, sir—I saw you with my own eyes! How dare you kiss my daughter, sir, before me!" exclaimed an irate mother to a young man.

"Well, I'll kiss you first in future, madam!" said the youth.

"You say she is no longer editor of the *WOMEN'S CORNER*?"

"No. She wrote so many articles on how to make over last year's hats that her readers began to suspect she was a man."

"No, sir," said the motorist, "the airship is utterly impractical."

"Do you speak as a scientist?"

"No, sir. As a man of experience. Suppose your engine breaks, or your petrol gives out and leaves you stuck away up yonder in a cloud bank, how are you going to get a horse to pull you out?"

IN THE SOUTH.

THE class was having a lesson in geography, and were learning the points of the compass.

"Now, Tommy Jones," said the teacher, "you have in front of you the north, on your right the east, on your left the west. What have you behind you?"

After a moment's reflection Tommy explained: "A patch on my trousers."

And to make the information more binding Tommy continued in a shame-faced manner:

"I knew you'd see it; I told mother you would!"

STRAINING HIS APPETITE.

MR. GREEN had been paying fifteen shillings a week for board and lodging, and his appetite constantly increased. Finally his landlady saw that she must either give her boarder notice or raise his rent.

One day after watching him feverishly devouring plateful after plateful, she plucked up courage, and said: "Mr. Green, I shall have to raise your board to one pound a week."

Mr. Green looked up with a start, then in a tone of consternation, he said:

"Oh, Mrs. Small, don't! It's as much as I can do now to eat fifteen shillings' worth!"

Mr. Agriculturist! If you are troubled about anything on the farm write to the editor of *THE SMALLHOLDER*. He'll help you.

The World's Best Stories

Told Week by Week.

King Edward, the Kaiser, and Mr. Brock.

MR. ARTHUR BROCK, the famous pyrotechnist, has many reminiscences of Royalties he has met in the course of his work, and one of his best stories relates to a display at the Crystal Palace when both our late King and the German Emperor were present.

After the display, Mr. Brock was summoned to the Royal box, when King Edward, then Prince of Wales, warmly congratulated him on the success of the entertainment.

"But, Mr. Brock," said the Prince, "His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor, here, tells me that he has pyrotechnists as clever as you in his own country, and that he saw quite as fine a display as to-night's at Hamburg when he was there last week. What have you to say to that?"

"His Imperial Majesty, sir, is correct," answered Mr. Brock, "in saying that the display he saw at Hamburg was as good as to-night's. We gave it, and the programme was precisely the same as I have had the honour of presenting to-night."

The King was quietly delighted, the Kaiser—well, not quite so pleased. Nevertheless, he forgave Mr. Brock, and had a chat with him, in the course of which the ever-versatile Kaiser showed a wonderful knowledge of fireworks and their manufacture.

Germany's Crown Prince.

It must have been a novel experience for the German Crown Prince to find himself acting as deputy for his father, as never before had the Kaiser been too ill to carry out his duties.

The Prince is very popular with the Berliners, and many are the stories they tell of his geniality. Not long ago, for instance, he was visiting a somewhat remote part of Germany and entered a post office to buy some stamps.

The postmaster was quite unaware of his identity, and began to grumble loudly at the large amount of extra work the Royal visit occasioned the postal authorities.

"But surely you are paid for it?" asked the Prince. "No," replied the postmaster; "there is a lot of sorting to do, and heavy bags of letters to be carried up to the castle, and not one penny extra do we get for it."

The Crown Prince then left without saying who he was, but the very same afternoon he again visited the post office, only this time he was in uniform and accompanied by his suite. The postmaster was dumfounded, but the Prince reassured him.

"Do not be alarmed," he said, with a smile, "we have all come for our own letters to save you sending them to the castle."

The Bryan Look.

JUST lately we have been having quite a number of distinguished American visitors, including Mr. W. J. Bryan, the "silver-tongued" orator, who has thrice been defeated in the contest for the American presidency. But he is cheerful in defeat, and has one or two good anecdotes that go against himself.

A northern man was visiting a southern town, and said he could tell a man's political opinions by his face. The bystanders looked at one another with incredulity. "I seldom make a mistake," he went on, "You"—pointing to one of the group about him, "are a Roosevelt man."

"That's right," said the person indicated. "You are a Cleveland Democrat," he added to another man.

"Yes, that is so," answered he, and the crowd began to look impressed.

"You"—addressing a third—"are a Bryan man." "You're wrong there. I'm ill, that's what makes me look that way."

American Methods.

MR. W. R. HEARST is better known in the States than he is to most people over here, and has been credited with a desire to found a newspaper in London. Those who know his journals are rather amused that he should rebuke the British Press for publishing incorrect statements about himself, as the name "Yellow Press" was originally applied to the newspapers he controls.

There is no getting over an American reporter, and Mr. Hearst relates the following anecdote concerning a newspaper man and the famous senator, Mr. Chauncey Depew. The latter was confined to his house through illness, but in order that his business should not be interrupted he had his bed wheeled into the room he used as an office.

Late in the evening, whilst having some much-needed sleep, he was suddenly awakened by the tinkling of the telephone bell. Mr. Depew took down the receiver, and was surprised to hear: "Old Depew still alive?"

"Yes," he answered, wondering what was coming next.

"Likely to last through the night?" the voice went on. "I think so, I hope so," Mr. Depew told him.

"Then I won't come down. Good night!" and the telephone was rung off. A reporter from the *New York American* was inquiring into the state of Mr. Depew's health.

The Lither.

MR. GEORGE EDWARDS has been telling some of his experiences as a manager, one of the most amusing of which relates to a popular comedian. Mr. Edwards was reading a new part to him, the author having worked in a lisp which was particularly appropriate to the comedian in question.

Having finished the part he asked what the actor thought about it. He replied, "Fine; but there's one thing rather thilly about it. I'm not going to play it with a lither."

Johnny Knew.

MR. W. W. JACOBS can tell a story with his tongue as well as with his pen. Here is one he is very fond of.

Little Johnny was busily engaged doing his home lessons when his big brother entered. He patted him on the head and said affectionately:

"Well, Johnny, my boy, what are you at work on now? Is it geography?"

"If it's upstairs I'm not going to fetch it!" replied Johnny without looking up.

He knew that the unusual familiarity meant that his big brother wanted something fetched for him.

Cutting "Hamlet."

"ON a bitterly cold night, some years ago," says Mr. H. M. Walbrook, "I saw the *Hamlet* of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, as he was then, at the Haymarket.

"That performance lasted a very long time, and I left before the last act. A policeman was walking up and down outside, waiting to regulate the traffic. When he saw me emerge, he came up to me, beating his hands, and said: 'Play over yet, sir?'

"Not yet. There's another act."

"Another act! Why, it's five-and-twenty to twelve now!"

"I know. But *Hamlet's* a very long play."

"Humph! I should think it was, indeed. The British public won't never stand this! He'll 'av' to cut some of this rot out!"

"The good man apparently regarded *Hamlet* as a new work."

An Alligator's Tongue.

ON one occasion, when travelling along the West Coast of Africa with an old skipper who had known many missionaries but "did not see the use of them," Bishop Taylor-Smith was obliged to endure a string of taunting questions, such as "What is the length of an alligator's tongue?" "What do missionaries know, anyway?"

At last the Bishop could stand it no longer. Turning to the skipper, he said:

"I know you are an expert. Can you tell me the length of an alligator's tongue?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "but it depends on the length of the alligator."

"Very well, then; say an alligator fifteen feet long. What would be the length of its tongue?"

"Three feet," was the answer.

But the Bishop, who had kept alligators and watched their ways, knew better.

"It is evident that you are an authority on the West Coast of Africa," he said, "but it is also evident that some people see more in ten minutes than others in twenty years. Let me tell you that an alligator has no tongue."

A Plucky President.

THERE is another revolution in Nicaragua, and the President, who succeeded Zelaya only a short time ago, seems likely to be turned out in his turn.

Zelaya, the extraordinary man who for sixteen years retained the presidency of Nicaragua, only to lose it because he went too far in offending the Government of the United States, has all the "temperament" of the Latin race. Brave and ambitious, he was never satisfied unless he performed his *coups d'etat* in the most dramatic fashion possible.

His spies once brought him information that a revolution was being planned by several of his army officers. They were to meet on a certain evening at the house of one of the conspirators to arrange the final details.

While they were eagerly discussing the best way to seize the President, the door opened and in walked Zelaya himself.

"Good evening, gentlemen!" he said pleasantly. "I heard you had a party here this evening, and I have dropped in to share the fun. Quite a distinguished gathering! You are discussing military matters, no doubt?"

He went on chatting affably for a half-hour, while his enemies were torn with fear and suspense. Did he know of their plot? Most of them thought he did, and wondered whether they had better not put a bullet in him at once. But he was so cordial, so thoroughly at ease, that they hesitated.

Presently he rose, poured out some wine, and raised his glass.

"A toast, gentlemen," he said. "Here's long life to the President of Nicaragua and confusion to all traitors!"

As he spoke he hurled the glass against the window, where it smashed in pieces with a crash. The door flew open, and thirty or forty soldiers, who had been waiting outside for the signal, rushed in. All the plotters were convicted, but the President dealt leniently with them. Some were imprisoned and some exiled, but none were shot.

The Odd Corner

The Editor will give one of the famous P.W. penknives to any reader who sends him a paragraph accepted for this column. If there is more than one sender of a paragraph used, the penknife will be awarded to the reader whose contribution was received first.

A TIMELY QUESTION.

How many cuckoos could a good cook cook if a good cook could cook cuckoos?

FULL OF LIFE.

WHAT is it that is full of life, has no life, bears life, and destroys life?

Solution below.

WITHOUT OVERLAPPING.

A HALF-CROWN is a big coin, and a threepenny-piece is a small one. How many threepenny-pieces, do you think, could be laid on top of a half-crown without overlapping each other or the edge of the larger coin?

Solution below.

GOODNESS GRACIOUS!

THERE is a most peculiar word of five letters. Take away the first letter and you still have a bit left. Administer a death blow to the second letter, and you still have a bit left. Kidnap the third letter, and you have the whole of it left.

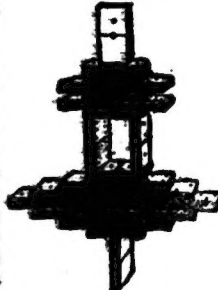
What word is it?

Solution below.

A STEADY HAND NEEDED.

THIS paragraph, not forgetting the illustration, shows how steady-handed readers

can support the contents of a box of dominoes on one of their number. Begin by placing three of the pieces upright on the table so as to form a solid base, the first domino being laid upon these three supports. When the edifice is finished, as in the illustration, the two outside dominoes at the bottom must be withdrawn and very gently placed upon the top of the construction. This experiment should only be attempted on a level table and the dominoes should be perfectly uniform.



MYSTERIOUS 37.

TAKE the number 37, multiply it by 3 and all the multiples of 3 up to 27, and notice the peculiar results obtained. Note also that the sum of the figures in each product is equal to the multiplier:

37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37
3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27	
111	222	333	444	555	666	777	888	999	

SOME NONSENSE VERSES.

If you found a fancy fairy flinging feathers from a fan,
In a cavern covered closely with a curtain,
Would you think she was as silly
As the little whale named Willy,
Who said his sister's shoes were so uncertain?

If you bumped into a butcher beaming blandly on a bee,
While the walrus was a-walking on the wall,
Would you think that he was worse
Than the pig that pawned his purse
To buy a battledore and bouncing ball?

If you saw a sancy sunfish sitting sewing in a swing,
And making mauve mantillas for a mink,
Would you think she was as busy
As a dotted doormouse dizzy,
Who was driving drowsy donkeys down to drink?

If you met a mournful monkey making muscoteering muffs,
While strolling sadly through a sunset sea,
Would you take him where the tailor
Slyly slew the silly sailor,
Or to the tidy tapir's tony tea?

SOLUTIONS.

FULL OF LIFE.

THE sea. It is full of fishes, is not alive, carries millions of people in ships, and people drown in it.

WITHOUT OVERLAPPING.

ONLY one threepenny-piece can be placed on a half crown without overlapping.

GOODNESS GRACIOUS!

HABIT—abit, bit, it.

Worried Father! Your boys will be as alert as mice, if you give them a copy of THE SCOUT to read.



Thus it came about that for the past thirty years or so beef has been cheap here, and this notwithstanding that our population has largely increased during that interval.

Bacon is also dearer, and for similar reasons. People are increasing faster than pigs. Also there are many

"Auntie," said she, "I think I had better go home this afternoon. I am quite sure my mamma would not like to know that you had taken me round such dirty streets begging!"

A LAUNDRY FOR DOLLAR NOTES.

America's latest is a laundry for washing and ironing dollar notes. This reform was badly needed, as the paper money got into a shocking state owing to constant handling. The boiling process introduced kills all germs, and the life of the bills is now doubled. Our cartoonist suggests below that the same thing be adopted at the Bank of England.



The notes would have to be carefully ironed

Mr. Allotment-Holder! If you wish to know how to work your land to the best advantage get THE SMALLHOLDER regularly. It costs one penny each week.



His Worst Pupil

By OLIVER MERLAND.

A Delightful Tale of a Wilful Girl.

It was certainly a situation hedged round with difficulties, to say nothing of more unpleasant contingencies, for the master of Burchell South End School, New Zealand. Some of the pupils were inclined to giggle, but most of them were frightened. The master himself was paler than he knew, save for a red spot on either cheek. But the new scholar was quite at her ease.

"You little Tom Thumb!" she said. "If you don't say at once, this minute, that five and four do make eleven, I'll wring your miserable neck!"

Then the new pupil folded her shapely arms across her bosom, threw up her head, and regarded the master with mingled contempt and defiance.

It is, or should be, comparatively easy for a master to deal with a refractory scholar, provided that the master himself is of muscular build and imposing presence and that the offender be of tender years. Such an offender may be speedily chastised or expelled, or even reduced to subjection or tears, by force of moral persuasion alone.

But the problem becomes more acute and complicated when the offender happens to be a young woman of seventeen, handsome, spirited, an utter stranger to physical or moral fear, and the only daughter of the founder of the school, whom she could twist round her little finger, and who had it in his power to discharge the master ignominiously at a minute's notice.

How handsome the rebel was! She was a woman, with her lithe figure, which, for all its graceful slenderness, was eloquent of strength in its every line and curve, and her dark hair and darker eyes; and she was a child also, with peevishness trembling on her full red lips and anger glowing in her eyes and on her face, which might well have passed for that of a Greek Amazon.

"Be quick!" she said, with a stamp of her foot. "Five and four is eleven! Say it is, and beg my pardon for daring to say it isn't, or you'll be sorry for yourself!"

The other scholars gasped in unison, smitten by mingled awe and hopefulness. Was Sallie Lander going to strike in more than a figurative sense?

For just a minute Bernard Harper, the master, had wondered what to do. Now he knew. His pallor increased, his heart was beating fast; but his lips were resolute.

"Miss Lander—" he began.

"You needn't waste any of your politeness on me," scoffed the rebel. "I don't want it; soft soap never agreed with my constitution. I'm Sal Lander—'old man' Lander's Sal, and you might as well call me so and save trouble. What have you got to say? Do five and four make eleven?"

She looked at him with accentuated defiance as he stood at the side of his desk. He was holding a copy-book in his hand, and it shook never so slightly.

He was quite a young man, with a refined, pale face and somewhat stooping shoulders. He was anything but an athlete, and, indeed, the girl looked the stronger of the two.

"Miss Lander, this cannot go on," he said. "I intensely dislike having to speak in such a manner to a lady—if you were a lady."

He broke off, stammering. The rebellious eyes which were fixed on him sparkled angrily.

"It was a great mistake on my part ever to allow you to come here," he began again. "If I had been firm—"

"You allow me!" flared out the rebel. "I like that! Whose school is this? If I tell father about you, where will you be?"

He was stung into anger at last.

"I am master now, at any rate," he cried; "and while I am master I will not endure you any longer. You are a disgrace to the school, Miss Lander. You have been idle, bad-mannered, inattentive, and have set as bad an example as possible to the children. You will have to go!"

She would have to go! "Old man" Lander's heiress would have to go! Some of the smaller scholars clung to each other spasmodically. What would happen next?

Bernard Harper thought he knew. A vision of struggle, poverty, perchance hopelessness, rose before him. There was no one in the world with whom he could claim kindred. An uncle had brought him up grudgingly, had sent him to a training college for teachers, and had left him twenty pounds in his will.

He was well equipped for a career as a schoolmaster as far as book-learning went. But one fatal defect had stood in his way. He had never been able to assert himself. As a disciplinarian he had been a failure. Men with not half his ability had awed whole tribes of children who had scoffed at his attempts to rule them.

This deficiency had cost him several good posts. He had hated and despised himself for what he knew was called his miserable weakness. He had tried to free himself from it, but only with qualified success.

For many months he had been out of work. If hardship and privation could transform a man, Bernard Harper would have been changed out of all knowledge.

When everything was as bad as it could be, he had received an offer to take charge of the school at Burchell. But it must be confessed that he had been offered the post because nobody else could be found to take it.

Burchell was not an altogether attractive place of abode. It was situated in a remote corner of New Zealand, and was very much in the rough. Not a generation had

elapsed since its foundation by a body of settlers. It lay under the shadow of the mountains, which half incircled and seemed to threaten to cut it off from the rest of the world.

And Burchell, while nominally a home of freedom, was virtually ruled by a despot in the person of "old man" Lander. He had been the leader of the first settlers, and had consistently declined to abdicate the power he had acquired in those early days of the settlement.

Hard, grizzled, saturnine, laconic, he was a born despot. Also he was the richest citizen, and owned more than half the town.

It was "old man" Lander who had first awakened to the desirability of educational advantages for the youth of Burchell, who had before been neglected in that important respect. He had founded and endowed the school, and had insisted on the importation of a qualified master from the Old Country.

So Bernard Harper had come to Burchell, his passage out being paid by the despot.

At first it had been very hopeful. The new life and scenes had the charm of novelty. It had been pleasant to think that he was the master of his school, without a rival. Even his old weakness had sunk out of sight. To his new scholars he was a novelty, an unknown quantity, and had been treated with all the respect that could be born of ignorance.

But then Miss Sarah Lander had insisted on coming to school.

She had been a startling apparition when she first appeared and announced her desire and intention of receiving instruction. Bernard Harper, shy and diffident in the presence of femininity, had resented the assertive defiance in her manner. He had not thought to wonder if there were not a latent self-defence beneath it.

"My education's been neglected," she stated frankly. "Father has been too busy making money to bother about me, and mother died before I knew her. It's a bit late, but it's never too late to make a new start. I'm going to learn—or, if I don't, it will be because you're no good as a master."

It was an unfortunate ending to her speech. It put Bernard on his dignity.

He had at first protested against her proposal, on the ground of the incongruity between her age and the ages of the other scholars, but this had been overruled by "old man" Lander. The despot of Burchell had found out that his daughter, as she grew up, had a character uncommonly like his own, and that his best chance of enjoying domestic peace in his declining years was to leave her to her own devices and confine his oppressions to the community.

"I don't see why my girl shouldn't go to the school I've built, if she wants to," he said. "Those who don't like it can leave."

In stating that her education had been neglected the girl had put the case very mildly. She knew simply nothing—nothing that could be learnt from books, anyway. She had been left to grow up like a wild thing, and her own instincts had been her only guides. She shrank like a coit from any sort of control, and flashed out at the least rebuke.

Bernard had soon decided that she had elected to come to school simply out of a sudden caprice, because she was tired of doing nothing. As he came to know—or think he knew—her better, he had made up his mind that she remained at school solely out of a wicked desire to make his life a burden to him.

As a pupil she had been exasperating. She had broken every rule and failed to learn anything.

Bernard had been angry with her. He had never wondered if his own pedantry and stiffness had not been to blame—in part, at least. The situation had been too perplexing for him.

And now, when he had expelled her, he was dimly conscious of a sensation strangely akin to dull disappointment as he realised that henceforth he and "old man" Lander's daughter were never likely to meet, except as enemies.

Sal Lander stared at him with wide-open eyes for a minute after he pronounced sentence on her. The other scholars breathlessly awaited a crowning sensation. It came.

Miss Lander had turned from white to red, from red to white, while the master was speaking. She did not say a word when he finished, but her eyes were blazing dangerously. She went back deliberately to her desk and made pretence of gathering together her possessions.

Crack!

It was really an excellent shot for a young lady. It was very near being too good a shot to be pleasant to Bernard. The rebel had cast a full inkbottle at him. It passed within an inch of his cheek, and, smashing to atoms against the wall beyond, deluged the map of the British Empire with black fluid.

Then Miss Lander marched out of the school with somewhat ostentatious dignity, leaving the master to reflect at his leisure.

Bernard tried to persuade himself that he was pleased matters had come to a crisis. It was much better, he strove to reflect, that anything should happen rather than that he should suffer any more from "old man" Lander's daughter. And yet—well, mankind is contradictory. He felt strangely lonely. He missed the rebel's pretty, defiant countenance in its usual place. There seemed a blank, somehow.

Nothing out of the ordinary happened during the remainder of that day. Bernard was anticipating the wrathful arrival of Mr. Lander, but he did not appear. Nor did he on the next day, nor the day after.

"I suppose she's going to keep me in suspense for a

bit to make it all the worse for me," he decided. "She's bound to tell him—and then I'm bound to go."

Where should he go to? It was far from an easy enigma to solve. He was still struggling with it when he took a walk on the Saturday afternoon.

It was not a cheerful day for a walk. The sky was dull and overcast, and the rain was falling heavily, as it had been doing for a week past. But he was too restless to stay indoors, although he did not care where he went. Half unconsciously he found his way to the bridge which crossed the Thames.

Yes, the Thames. "Old man" Lander was patriotic, and had a tender regard for the great city where he had passed some part of his youth. He would fain have called the town he had founded New London, but that designation had been appropriated by a neighbouring community, so he had perforce fallen back on what was left. Burchell had a Cheapside, a Lombard Street, even a New Cut. Also it had its Thames.

True, the stream so called was rather narrow. It ran down from the mountains, in the heart of which was the vast natural reservoir, encompassed by rocky walls, which supplied the town with water. It was a sheet of water worth looking at, and Mr. Lander was proud of the great dam he had had built to keep it within bounds.

It was necessary to cross the bridge to pass from the schoolhouse to the town. The school itself was in a lonely situation. Mr. Lander had insisted on its being built there, because the land on which it was erected had held out no promise of being remunerative if used for any other purpose.

Despite his preoccupation, Bernard was startled when he came to the bridge, which was narrow and built of stout timbers. The stream was swollen to the limits of its banks, and was driving against the piles with swirling violence. He stopped, and looked up at the mountains and then down at the school.

"If the dam breaks!" he muttered involuntarily.

"It won't break!" retorted the voice of Miss Lander. "My father built it!"

She had come upon him unawares, passing over the bridge from the other side. She wore a light coat and a big straw hat, and was quite contemptuous of the rain. She had spoken sharply.

"Oh!" said Bernard.

It was not an effective remark.

But he could not have said more had his life depended on it. He was stupid and confused in her presence.

"You don't look very cheerful," said she candidly. "I should have thought you would have been, seeing you've got rid of me. What are you going to do when—when you leave here?"

Obviously, Bernard did not heed the ring of real interest in her question. He thought she was only mocking his trouble. With compressed lips, and making no reply, he turned and went back toward the school. Her clear tones rang after him:

"Bad manners! I thought all schoolmasters knew how to be polite to a lady—if she is a lady!"

He had been rude, boorish; but he couldn't help it. And it didn't matter much, anyway. He would soon have to leave Burchell, and then he would not see her again. Even if he went back and told her he was sorry, she would probably not believe him.

So he told himself, and during the week-end occupied himself in thinking of all the reasons why "old man" Lander's daughter and himself would be best apart.

The rain continued to fall all day on Sunday and all through Sunday night, but on Monday morning it stopped. All the children came to school as usual, and Bernard went on with his work steadily. He was a good teacher, and he meant that his pupils should have full value for every penny he received before his dismissal.

It grew very dark as the morning wore on, and the rainfall recommenced, falling in a torrent. The scholars were restless, but the work went on mechanically—until all at once it was interrupted, stopped for ever, as far as that particular school was concerned.

The door was thrown open, and Sal Lander appeared on the threshold. Her hat was hanging from her neck, her clothes were drenched. She was colourless, and terror—a terror that was not for herself—was in her eyes.

"The dam's going!" she said. "Father's been up into the hills, and he says nothing can save it. He can't come here himself, because he's got to try to save the people in the town, and—everyone else was afraid to come. The river's burst its banks, and the bridge is going. Quick! Get the kids to safety before it's too late!"

She spoke in rapid, broken sentences and in so low a tone—even in that crisis she retained her self-possession—that only Bernard heard her. But they saw her face, and several began to cry, frightened of they knew not what.

For a moment. Then they knew. From outside there came a sound like muffled thunder, followed by the rushing of many waters. Bernard Harper threw open the schoolhouse door.

"Good Heavens!" was all he could say.

It was like a prayer—and there was need of prayers, for the dam had burst!

The waters were pouring down from the mountains in a great, pitiless flood. Already the schoolhouse was more than half surrounded. He could scarcely see the bridge; it was almost hidden by the swollen stream, which was bursting over it.

His arm was gripped by small, strong fingers. Sal Lander's eyes were gazing into his.

"It's no use staring!" she cried. "There's work to do! The kids have got to be taken across the bridge before it's too late! Do you hear me?"

He turned back into the school, his face white and drawn, his eyes haunted.

In the schoolroom terror reigned. The children knew what had happened, and the fear of what might come next was on them all. They were frantic to get away.

If Bernard Harper had never succeeded in maintaining discipline before, he was less able than ever to do so now.

(Continued at foot of next page.)

Tommy Atkins - Bullet Dodger

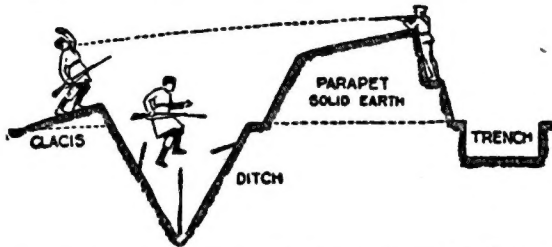
111. Ditches, Obstacles, and Barricades to Keep the Enemy at a Distance.

DURING his annual course of field-training, which is now on, Tommy Atkins is instructed, among other things, in the art of making obstacles.

When any body of troops moving in the neighbourhood of an enemy halts for more than a temporary rest it at once proceeds to entrench itself. In the case of a large force determined to hold its ground, these entrenchments would be of a formidable character, consisting of huge mounds or parapets of earth, strong enough to stop shell-fire, and behind which the defenders shelter and fire upon the advancing foe.

To get the earth for a parapet you dig a hole in the ground, and when the hole is behind the parapet it is called the "trench," when in front of the parapet it is known as the "ditch."

In the case of big works there is usually both a ditch



The defence of a ditch. The V-shaped construction and the spikes make it particularly hard for the enemy to cross.

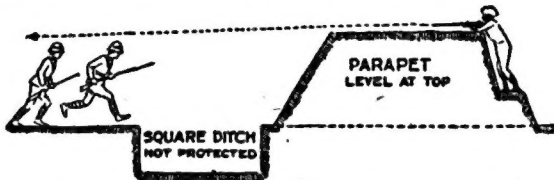
and a trench, for obviously the quickest way of building a parapet is to have one row of men throwing up the earth from the ditch, and another set of men building from the trench.

Apart from that, the ditch is meant to be an obstacle to the enemy's assault. The ditch, for large works, will be from ten to twenty feet broad, and at least ten feet deep. It is usually made V-shaped, as shown in the first picture, and clearly is not easily to be crossed.

At the same time, the ditch is often a source of weakness to the defence.

Once the enemy is in it, he is hidden from the view and fire of the defenders. He has time to take breath, and steady himself before the final desperate assault.

If you again glance at picture one, you will see that the top of the parapet slopes downwards, and thereby



Badly built trenches lost the Egyptians the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. The parapet of earth was made level, and consequently the riflemen could not dip their guns sufficiently to hit the advancing infantry, as in the first picture.

hangs the tale of how Arabi Pasha lost the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. On that occasion, Arabi entrenched himself behind a high and enormously strong parapet, but he or his engineers were guilty of the fatal blunder of making the parapet level at the top. The result was (see the second sketch) that men firing from behind the parapet could not depress their rifles sufficiently to hit a man within about 300 yards of the defences.

When dawn broke on the morning of Tel-el-Kebir, our men, after a splendid night march, were within a few hundred yards of Arabi, without their presence being suspected. Then the alarm was given, and Arabi's men lined the parapet and poured forth a hot fire. But, for the reasons mentioned, their bullets whistled harmlessly overhead, and in a trice our men had won the parapet, and the battle was over.

HIS WORST PUPIL (continued from page 1048).

The children simply did not listen to him when he called them to order in a voice that shook. They made a rush to get past him.

"Stop, you little beggars!"

It was Sal Lander who spoke, with a stamp of her foot—Sal Lander, with a set, bloodless face and an air that daunted even fear. The mob wavered, stopped, shrank back, was cowed. They were more afraid of her than of the waters. She had done in a second, with a word, what Bernard Harper could never have done at all.

She turned to him again. "You're not afraid, are you?" she asked.

"No," he answered harshly, "except for the children! I'm trying to think what is best to be done."

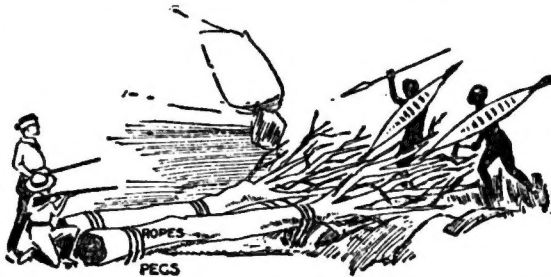
"There's no time to think," she retorted. "We've got to do. We must get them over the bridge—but not too many at a time. You go first, to show it's safe."

"And you?"

"I'll stop here to keep them in order. You couldn't do it."

Parapets, therefore, must slope down towards the enemy, but if they are made to slope too much, the top of the parapet will be so thin as to give no protection to the defenders.

For these reasons it is impossible to bring fire to bear on the men in the ditch, or, indeed, for some distance on the



Abattis—one of "Tommy's" favourite obstacles. It is put together with long trees, tied down with rope, and the big branches sharpened to points.

enemy's side of the ditch. You will see in picture one that there is a sloping mound on the far side of the ditch. This is called the "glacis," and its object is to bring the attackers under the fire of the defenders as they approach the ditch, which they would not be if the ground were left level, and also to deepen the drop into the ditch.

The same diagram shows the measures taken to make the ditch a still more formidable obstacle than it naturally is.

Along the bottom are planted pointed stakes or iron railings, so that a man jumping into the ditch would impale himself on them. Then on the enemy's side stakes are driven into the slope of the ditch pointing upwards so as to prevent him sliding down the side of the ditch. Similarly, on the defenders' side, stakes are driven in pointing downwards, so as to prevent the enemy climbing up.

The ditch looks a pretty tough problem, but what the ingenuity of man can devise the ingenuity of man can usually defeat.

Faced by such a ditch the attackers would bring up long ladders, poles, and planks wherewith to bridge the ditch, while other parties would charge up with trusses of hay, straw, anything bulky and light, with which they would fill up the ditch and thus render the deadly spikes harmless.

When, however, the time available for defence is short, the entrenchments will be of a flimsy character, often no more than a small heap of earth, behind which the men lie down to fire. Then it is that Tommy puts up obstacles in front of his position, with the object, of course, of stopping the enemy should he charge.

A favourite obstacle is "abattis." To make abattis you cut down trees, lop away the small branches, sharpen the ends of the big ones into points, and then with ropes and pegs fasten them firmly into the ground, so that they cannot easily be removed, and with the sharpened branches, of course, facing the enemy.

Abattis are very useful when placed on a slope up which the enemy must charge, for blocking up narrow passes, bridges, and so on, while in the case of big works they are often placed on the glacis in front of the ditch.

The weak points of abattis are that they offer a good target, and are easily destroyed by artillery, or set alight by shells or war rockets.

Moreover, it is difficult to conceal them, and an obstacle, of course, is doubly effective when unsuspected.

Barbed wire entanglements, therefore, have to some



A very effective wire entanglement which completely ruins any cavalry charge.

extent taken the place of abattis. These may be made either high or low, and are very effective against either cavalry or infantry. High wire entanglement is arranged as in the fourth illustration, while the low wire entanglement simply consists of one or more rows of wire fencing.

A low entanglement skilfully placed, and concealed with grass and leaves, will ruin any cavalry charge, while the high entanglement is also effective against horses or men, but, of course, cannot easily be hidden. The weak points of wire entanglement, especially the high variety, are that the wire is easily cut with proper cutters, or the supporting posts chopped or pulled down, while coats or blankets will render the barbs harmless.

During the Boer War, it once seemed as if we had at last got De Wet in an impenetrable net of barbed wire fencing, but the wily Boer stampeded (frightened) a herd of cattle into a headlong rush against the wire, which gave way like thread, and De Wet and his men escaped through the breach thus made.

Sometimes, electric wires are run along the fencing, so that anyone touching it is electrocuted, or temporarily paralysed by the shock. The Russians tried this electrical dodge at Port Arthur, but the astute Japs put on rubber gloves and safely cut the wires.

Barbed wire is often stretched across roads, defiles,



A chevaux de frise or novel street-fighting barricade. It consists of sections of iron piping chained together.

and bridges, bells being hung on it so as to ring the moment it is touched.

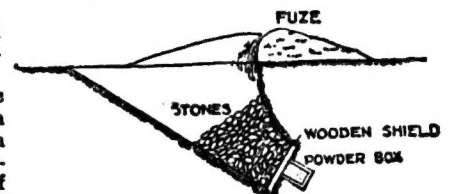
Barbed wire, of course, has to be carried about with the troops, and the transport is heavy. Abattis, on the other hand, are found on the ground.

A device which dates back to Bannockburn and is still effective, especially against cavalry, is to dig small V-shaped pits (picture five) in the ground, placing a pointed stake in each pit, and then covering them over with loose turf or brushwood.

In street-fighting, barricades are erected of paving-stones, beds, furniture, and so on, and, when available, chevaux de frise is an effective obstacle for the defence of streets, bridges, and other narrow places.

Chevaux de frise, shown in the sixth sketch, consists of sections of iron piping, the various sections are chained together and to the sides of the street, and take some scaling.

Then there are fougasses, rude mines, made by digging a hole, putting in an explosive, which can be electrically fired by the defenders, or set with a fuse timed to go off at a certain hour, and then filling up the hole with loose stones.



This little mine is called a fougasse. It is timed to go off at a certain hour and is covered up with loose stones.

which pointed iron or steel rods are passed, crosswise. The various sections are chained together and to the sides of the street, and take some scaling.

Then there are fougasses, rude mines, made by digging a hole, putting in an explosive, which can be electrically fired by the defenders, or set with a fuse timed to go off at a certain hour, and then filling up the hole with loose stones.

as he could, he might get hold of her, but the shock would be almost certain to tear him from his own frail hold, and they would both be carried to death. He knew it, and made the attempt.

His fingers closed on her arm, and the bridge shook and his every muscle seemed to crack. But he held on, grimly, fiercely, as a man holds to that which is dearer than life. Some new power, surging up in him, lent him a strength he had never known before. With infinite effort he dragged her from the clutch of the torrent on to all that was left of the wrecked bridge.

They dared not stand upright on the bridge; the flood poured over it too strongly. But, holding each other fast, they crawled over. On the other side the girl gave a strange little laugh, half defiant and half sobbing.

"I'm not sorry I threw that inkbottle!" she said. "But I never told father. I—I didn't want you to go away!"

"I'd have died with you if I couldn't live for you!" he answered. "I love you!"

Holding each other's hands tighter, they sped towards safety together.

Mr. Cityman! Get THE SMALLHOLDER every week and bring a breath of the country into your home.

Our Courts

Halley's Chronic.

Charged at Westminster Police Court with begging, an old woman said that she only mingled in a group of people looking at "the chronic."

Proud of His Brother-in-Law.

"I'd rather help the police, than obstruct them, because one of them is going to become my brother-in-law soon," said a defendant at the Manchester City Police Court charged with obstructing the police.

A Strong Denial.

A woman at Bolton Police Court was charged with disorderly conduct.

"I strongly deny," she said to the Bench, "that I am leading an immoral life."

A Good Time Coming.

Heard at Leeds Police Court:

Solicitor (to a woman, protesting her temperance): "Have you ever been drunk at all, in your life?"

The woman (regretfully): "No, I haven't—not what you could call right drunk. Never."

The Idea!

The Assistant Official Receiver at Scarborough, in the Bankruptcy Court, asked a debtor why he had not told the bank he owed money to relatives, a brother and sister.

Debtor: "You don't call brothers and sisters relatives, do you?"

The Receiver (astonished): "I do."

Debtor: "Well, I don't." (Loud laughter.)

Little Incidents Recorded from the Daily Papers that have Caused the Courts to Smile.

Not Much Difference.

A witness at Acton stated that a horse brought for the inspection of the Bench without being brushed was like a man being placed before the Bench without being shaved. (Laughter.)

Pulled His Whiskers.

"Some of them pull my whiskers, and others pull my hair, but I'll fight this to the bitter end," said a man at Acton who complained of the conduct of his wife and family. He was referred to a solicitor.

Just to Begin With.

A witness at Longton (Staffordshire) Police Court, on being asked if a man was drunk, replied, in an off-hand manner, "Oh, well, he might have had a quart or two."

The Magistrate's Clerk: "Then he would not be quite sober?"

"Well, of course," said the witness, "it doesn't take much to make some people drunk, but a quart or two is nothing. I have gone to work on eleven pints a day."

Its Various Uses.

"Is beer a recognised remedy for illness?" asked the stipendiary magistrate at the Bradford Police Court, when it was stated that a woman had been served surreptitiously during prohibited hours with bottles of beer on the pretence of getting it for a sick uncle.

"For some things it is," replied a solicitor defending the licensee. "I don't know it myself. It is chiefly for thirst I believe." (Laughter.)

Meant to See It.

"Well, sir," said an alleged burglar at the Lambeth Police Court, "I just got on the wall to look at this comely people are talking about."

Her Week's Notice.

A wife at Acton, who obtained a summons against her husband for desertion, said: "He gave me a week's notice in writing that he was going to leave me. That's a strange thing for a husband to do."

The Bench smiled.

Not in the Know.

"How many children have you?" the Magistrate's Clerk asked prisoner at Halifax.

"I couldn't tell you," was the reply. "About eight."

The Chairman: "Don't you know how many children you have?"

Prisoner: "Well my wife bothers with them. She never tells me."

Putting Her Foot Into It.

An elderly woman entered the Ashton Police Office recently, under the impression that it was a public-house, and asked for a glass of beer. When told of her mistake, she went outside and commenced bawling.

She was then arrested and charged with being drunk and disorderly, and the Clerk inquired if the Chief Constable himself was asked to serve the beer.

The Chief Constable: "Oh, no." (Laughter.)

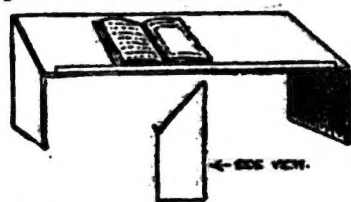
The Clerk: "Oh, I thought she took you for the barman." (Loud Laughter.)

The Clerk facetiously suggested that the lamp over the police office should be removed so as not to mislead people. The woman was discharged with a caution.

Noture Pars

FOR INVALIDS.

When confined to bed with illness the quiet perusal of an interesting book may pass away what would otherwise be tedious hours. Some ailments, however, do not permit the holding of a volume, and then the little stand shown here is very welcome. It is so easy to make that directions are unnecessary, the picture fully explaining its construction. It has no back, its top slopes, and a strip

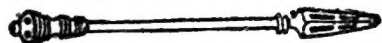


glued or nailed as indicated does not allow the book to slip off. It should be of sufficient width to enable the sides to stand on the bed at each side of the invalid without touching him.



A POKER BELLOWS.

The curious instrument depicted here combines the two useful purposes of bellows and poker. A hollow tube runs throughout, and there are holes at the top and at the business end as shown. When a fire appears to



be dying out the poker is inserted and the coals raised slightly. Soon afterwards, when the end is heated, it draws air through the fire, thoroughly reviving it, and thus, with no trouble at all, a beautiful blaze is created.

Picked Pars

Yellow Rain.

Rain of deep yellow colour fell at Menai Bridge the other day and dyed the streets.

Trading Stamps and Bankruptcy.

A Lowestoft grocer who has filed his petition attributed his failure in part to giving away £2 a week in trading stamps.

When Paris Was at the Seaside.

Teeth of sharks and tusks of walruses have been discovered by men at work on the tube station under the Place de l'Opéra in Paris.

Up-to-date Advertising.

Quite the latest novelty in London trading may be found in the offer of a Ludgate-hill firm to present a ticket for a cinematograph performance to all who purchase their specialities.

Never Too Late To Learn.

An octogenarian labourer who was complimented by the judge at the Holt (Norfolk) County Court on the neatness with which he had made out an account, stated that his laughter had taught him to read and write when he was ill, a few years ago.

An Inventor's Reward.

The German Society of Master Smelters has just subscribed £1,000 as a gift to Pierre Martin who discovered the Martin system of hardening steel. By some means he parted with his secret, and now, at the age of four score years and six, is unable to work and without resources. The money will be sufficient for the old inventor to pass the remainder of his days without anxiety.

A SANDING MACHINE.

A MACHINE which distributes sand or gravel over the highway is certainly a labour-saving invention. A sketch of one is given here, but every detail cannot be shown.

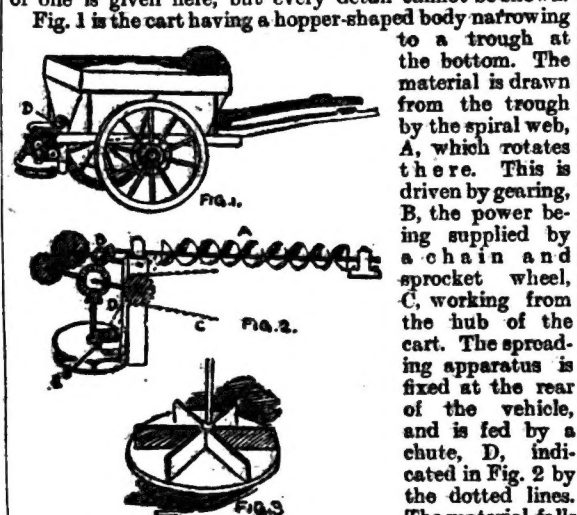


Fig. 1 is the cart having a hopper-shaped body narrowing to a trough at the bottom. The material is drawn from the trough by the spiral web, A, which rotates there. This is driven by gearing, B, the power being supplied by a chain and sprocket wheel, C, working from the hub of the cart. The spreading apparatus is fixed at the rear of the vehicle, and is fed by a chute, D, indicated in Fig. 2 by the dotted lines. The material falls through an aperture, E, cut in the cover of the distributor, where it is caught by the blades fixed on a disc, Fig. 3, and revolving horizontally. The sand falls into the compartments formed by the blades, and is shot out in the way a man would distribute it by hand. The machine will sand a width of from thirty to forty feet by once passing along.

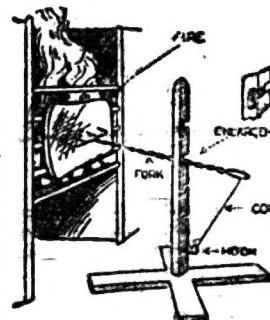
USED BY SLATERS.

WHILST clambering over a sloping roof it would be most inconvenient and scarcely safe for a workman to carry a number of tools about. Therefore, he takes with him the implement illustrated here, which is designed especially for slate-laying purposes, and comprises all that a slater requires whilst working. The pointed end is used for piercing holes in the slates for the nails, with the claw at the side, old nails can be removed, and the hammer end is, of course, employed when driving in new nails.



TOAST MAKING.

THE chief drawback of toast making is the time consumed in holding the bread to the fire. By using the stand shown here this difficulty is overcome, for one's whole attention need not be devoted to the toast. The stand has a number of grooves in its upright post, and through one of these, according to the situation of the fire, the toasting-fork is placed, being held firm by a cord and hook, as illustrated. After the bread has been placed in position the housewife can attend to another duty.



A Few Items of Fact that Will Interest You.

"The Tuck Shop, Ltd."

The Rev. Lionel Ford, M.A., whose appointment to the headmastership at Harrow has just been announced, originated the system at Eton of conducting the school "tuck shop" as a limited company, the surplus profits after a small percentage had been paid to the masters who were the shareholders, going to augment the sports fund of the school.

Mugs v. Pots.

The success of a workmen's club formed as a counter attraction to the public-house was questioned in a case at the London Sessions the other day.

The Secretary said it had been very successful. Ten thousand mugs of cocoa had been sold, and he knew, for a fact, that that had represented a decrease of 10,000 pints of beer consumed in the district.

Asylum de Luxe.

According to the annual report of the Middlesex County Asylum, a library of 6,000 volumes has been provided for the patients, pianos are a feature of every day room, dances are held weekly, and theatrical performances fortnightly during the winter months, cricket matches take place weekly in the summer, and dances are held on the lawns when the weather permits.

Ladies Prefer Mixed Bathing.

That mixed bathing at the seaside is popular, was proved at Rhyl recently, when a lady proprietor of bathing machines asked that she should have her fifty-four licenses granted for mixed bathing vans, and added that she did not require any on the ladies' bathing ground, while a man applied for fifteen more mixed bathing vans, and fifteen fewer ladies' vans.

A Voice of Gold.

M. Charles Dalmorès, the famous French tenor, has just signed a contract for four seasons singing in the United States under which he will receive £10,000 a year.

Red-Handed.

A youth who broke into a place of entertainment in Aldgate, got his hand caught in a slot machine he was attempting to pilfer, and had to wait until rescued. He was then locked up.

Pony Plays Nap.

One of the feats of Billy, an educated pony which recently appeared at the White City, Manchester, is to play a game of nap with some one from the audience who is not known to its master.

A Paying Investment.

Picking to pieces a pair of corsets which she had worn for over a twelvemonth, a Hadstock woman was surprised to find ten sovereigns, wrapped in tissue paper, neatly stitched up in them. She is said to have given tropence for the corsets at a sale.

No Chocolate Cigarettes.

The French Government has a monopoly of the sale of tobacco in France, and it recently prosecuted a poor woman for making and selling chocolate cigarettes, such as are familiar in every British sweet-shop, on the ground that this is a fraudulent form of competition.

8,000-Mile Ride.

A number of German South-West African sportsmen are organising a long distance ride from Luderitzbucht to Berlin. Luderitz Bay is on the coast of German South-West Africa, and as the crow flies, is over 4,000 miles from Berlin. But as the route is dictated by the physical conditions of the country, the distance to be traversed will be more like 8,000 than 4,000 miles.

An electro-plated pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.



The Winner

How He Used His Brains and Came Out on Top.

By VERNON RALSTON.

MR. BAXTER, sole proprietor of Baxter's famous Stores, was seated in his private office. He occupied the only chair in the room. "I'll have no one sitting here to waste my time," was Mr. Baxter's frequent remark. On the wall facing visitors was a large notice, "When you have finished—GO."

Before Mr. Baxter stood a trembling head of a department, whilst in the waiting-room outside sat twenty nervous-looking employees—all awaiting their interviews with the great man. Mr. Baxter scowled over his table at the hapless head of the lace department.

"Look here, Mr. What's-your-name" (Mr. Baxter always pretended to forget names so that he might give his staff a proper sense of their insignificance), "there's a reduction of 2-8 per cent. in the sales of your department this half-year and 3-2 per cent. in the profits."

"If you will excuse me, sir," said the frightened manager, "the alterations of the premises have handicapped us greatly."

"I haven't called you here to listen to your excuses. If I listened to every excuse I should have no time for anything else. Just listen to me—your department isn't satisfying me. I've no room in this concern for men or departments that don't advance. Now get rid of one of your best-paid men to set an example to the staff. I won't have people thinking that this is a place where people can sit with their hands folded all day. Report to me to-night which man you have discharged and let everyone in your department know why he's gone. If that doesn't make your next quarter's returns better I'll startle you and your department."

Mr. Baxter banged his bell as a signal for the next person. "Look here, you're supposed to run a detective department, aren't you?" he said to the new-comer, "and yet there were only six persons caught shop-lifting last week. Call that efficiency?"

"It's precisely because the supervision is so effective, sir." "Don't talk to me," interrupted Mr. Baxter. "Last week was a sale week. People always have stolen at sales—they always will steal at sales. You couldn't hold some women back if they were served by policemen in uniform. The fact is—" Mr. Baxter paused, for his general manager, who always had access to him, had entered the room.

"Want me, Mr. Allen? Yes. Here, you go out. I'll finish talking to you later. Now, Allen, what's the trouble?" "It's about that new block of buildings we've bought for extensions, sir. All the tenants have accepted your terms and surrendered their leases except one—the man who has the centre shop on a lease with five years to run. Directly I hinted to the other tenants that you'd be prepared to slaughter prices in their particular businesses, they gave in to your terms. But this man sticks out for a preposterous price."

"What did you offer him?" "His lease has five years to run and his rent is only a hundred a year. I offered him £500 to surrender it, and he laughed at me."

"Tell him to come to me at once. He won't laugh at me. How is it if there is an awkward problem in this business I have always got to settle it myself? I have to be the brain. If anything happened to me I shudder to think what would become of the business. If only I could get hold of a brainy man who would take some of the responsibility from my shoulders! Bring him to me at once. He'll see reason when I've talked to him for two minutes."

The general manager vanished to return very shortly. "Well, where is he?" said Mr. Baxter impatiently. "He won't come, sir. He says that he's very busy and that you must make an appointment with him."

"He won't come," snarled Mr. Baxter. "Well, we must get this matter settled. Make an appointment with him for ten prompt-to-morrow. He shall kick his heels in the waiting-room for a couple of hours. That will teach him to be impertinent to his landlord."

Mr. Baxter was immersed in his correspondence at ten the next morning when a young man entered the waiting-room outside his office. He glanced at his watch, and then, to the horror of all the employees who were waiting to be reprimanded, boldly opened the private office door and walked straight in.

"I didn't ring," snapped Mr. Baxter. "Wait till I ring for you."

"My name is Robson," said the new-comer lightly. "You made an appointment with me for ten prompt. It is ten now."

"Just you go outside and wait till I am ready for you, young man."

"Right," said Mr. Robson airily. "My time is valuable, Mr. Baxter. Make another appointment when you think fit. Good-morning."

He turned to leave the room. "Here," shouted Mr. Baxter, "I'll deal with you now. And let me tell you, young man, that you haven't improved your prospects by your impertinence."

"There is a lack of seating accommodation in this room," said Mr. Robson good-humouredly. "You will therefore excuse me taking a seat on your table. I would not for worlds be so discourteous as to stand whilst you are addressing me."

Mr. Baxter glared at the young man. "Now, sir, about this lease of yours in my new premises. It's five years to run at a rental of £100 a year."

"Five years and three months, to be precise," said Mr. Robson pleasantly. "Well, my manager exceeded his instructions and offered

you £500 to surrender the lease. I'm not bound by his offer, but still I'll not withdraw from it. Hand over the premises within a week and you shall have it, though it's a fancy price. And for every week you delay my offer is reduced by twenty pounds."

"I declined £500 from your manager, Mr. Baxter, and, after all, I see no difference between £500 from him and from you—unless your last suggestion is supposed to be an attraction."

"You mean to make trouble, do you? Just as you like. I own the premises on either side of you, and above you. When you find the shops on either side of you selling your goods at cost price—when you find yourself on the way to the Bankruptcy Court—then you'll wish that you had accepted my liberal offer."

"Really, Mr. Baxter, I take as little interest in your future business programme as I do in your dismal predictions about my failure."

"Right. Now you've only yourself to blame. You could have made James Baxter either your friend or your enemy. Don't say I didn't warn you. Good-morning."

"Yes, I think I will now obey your somewhat pointed warning on the wall, 'When you have finished—GO.' Good-morning, Mr. Baxter."

The young man was nearly out of the room when Mr. Baxter called out: "Here, what price are you sticking out for?"

"I had thought of four thousand pounds," began the young man.

"You're mad—that's what you are," interrupted Mr. Baxter.

"But," continued the imperturbable young man, "since I have had the pleasure of seeing you I have thought that five thousand would be a fairer sum. Make an appointment when you want to pay it. Good-morning. I can't spare any more time. I'm horribly busy."

When Mr. Baxter had recovered from the mental shock of this interview he rang his bell fiercely and demanded the instant presence of his general manager.

"Allen," he cried, "that young ruffian has grossly insulted me. He shall pay for it. Just tell me what you know about him."

"I've made inquiries," said the manager. "He's not reported to be very strong financially. I doubt if he's a thousand pounds at the back of him, but he's been doing a nice little business."

Mr. Baxter chuckled. "Not worth a thousand pounds, isn't he? I'll soon settle him. What's his line of business?"

"He's a sort of general dealer. He calls his place Robson's Specialty Stores. Every week he has his window full of some specialty at a cut price. He advertises it, clears it out, and the next week booms something else. He's very enterprising."

"I see his game," said Mr. Baxter. "He wants me to spend money in advertising to bring people down here. Of course, he knows that if you get a crowd half of 'em are fools enough to go in any door of a building. He's reckoning on a good thing out of these chance customers. Now I'll tell you what to do. Next week we'll have possession of the shops on both sides of him. Get a big painted sign put up on both of them, 'Warning to the Public. This is Baxter's. No connection whatever with this establishment.' And then have hands pointing to his shop. Get that done right away. It will be his first lesson."

A week later Mr. Baxter inquired if his instructions had been carried out.

"Yes, sir," replied the manager, "the signs were put up yesterday afternoon, but—"

"But what," cried Mr. Baxter, as the manager hesitated. "This Robson has put up on his shop this notice: 'Public Warning. We are not connected with any neighbouring establishment, and repudiate all responsibility for purchases made elsewhere.'"

"Warning the public against me," exclaimed Mr. Baxter. "That's libellous. I'll have heavy damages out of him for that."

"But we warned them against him first, sir. That would be very awkward if it came out in court."

Mr. Baxter grunted. "H'm, well, get at him another way. What's the specialty he's showing in his window this week?"

"He's got it full of the Eversley Carpet Sweeper—a special line at 15s. 6d."

"Just telephone to the manufacturers and get their lowest price for large quantities."

In half-an-hour the manager returned with the news that the manufacturers quoted their machines at 12s. each for large quantities.

"Right—order a couple of gross to be delivered instantly. Put them in the windows on each side of him and mark them 12s. Put it as our leading specialty at the head of this week's advertisements. Boom them, and we'll see what this young man's trade amounts to. Get a big poster in our windows, 'Eversley Carpet Sweeper, 12s., precisely as offered next door at 15s. 6d.'"

Two days later Mr. Baxter strolled round and examined the rival shop windows with great internal satisfaction. He saw

the crowds looking at his display and smiled as he heard their comments on the price demanded by Robson. People were crowding into his premises to secure the bargains, whilst Robson's shop was left severely alone.

"In a week," meditated Mr. Baxter, "he'll come begging for that £500—and he won't get it."

However, after a couple of days the young shopkeeper apparently gave up the contest. He could not sell carpet sweepers in competition with Baxter's Stores. He cleared them all out of the window and substituted a special show of the "Magnet Trouser Press." Directly Mr. Baxter heard the news he rubbed his hands with delight. He instructed his general manager at once to stop the show of carpet-sweepers, restore them to their normal price, and then to make a huge purchase of Magnet Trouser Presses and offer them at cost price to the public.

Of course, the public rushed for the bargains, and Mr. Robson's special price of 12s. 6d. stood no chance when the Stores offered the same article at 10s. Week by week the contest went on. The young shopkeeper tried shows of typewriters, sewing machines, safety razors, vacuum cleaners, knitting machines, perambulators, mail-carts, copying presses, patent non-winding clocks, and fifty other articles. But on each occasion Baxter's Stores made a large purchase of precisely the same goods, advertised them largely, and sold them at cost price.

Yet when quarter-day came round Mr. Robson paid his rent with the utmost promptitude, and Mr. Baxter, who had given his manager instructions to distrain instantly, was bitterly disappointed.

"It's bluff, sheer bluff—that's what it is. He's probably paid us his last penny. He's doing no business, is he?"

"No, sir," said his manager. "Except commercial travellers no one seems to enter the shop."

"Not many of them, I suppose?"

"I don't know about that, sir. This Robson seems to spend all his time interviewing commercials."

"Ah, they'll be trying to get money out of him. Some of them will be nicely let in when the smash comes. He isn't making a pound a week there, and it'll cost him that for electric light—besides rates and the wages of his staff. If he's able to pay his next quarter's rent I'm a Dutchman. But it's better for us to sell stuff at cost price for a bit than to let him blackmail us for an extortionate price."

However, a few days later the manager came to his chief with horror written on his face.

"That Robson, sir," he gasped.

"Not bankrupt?" cried Mr. Baxter jubilantly.

"No, sir, but I've just been seeing the manufacturer of the Indomitable Copying Press."

"Ah, we'd a special show of his stuff a few weeks since."

"Yes, sir, but he's quarrelled with that Robson, and he's given the game away. Do you know what that rascal's been doing? He's been getting specialties from manufacturers on sale or return. He's guaranteed to make a special show of their goods for a few days on condition that they give him a commission on all the goods they sell us. He's been drawing commission on the value of every one of our special shows, and the manufacturers have been hunting him to take up their particular lines. First of all he was content with ten per cent. on all the orders firms received from us, then he made it fifteen per cent., and then the competition was so keen that he made it twenty per cent. This copying press man couldn't afford to pay such a commission, so out of spite he's given the show away."

Mr. Baxter looked aghast. "Do you mean to tell me," he said slowly, "that that rascal has been drawing commissions on all the big purchases we made to cut him out?"

"Yes, sir. He's been drawing anything from thirty to forty pounds a week all along."

Mr. Baxter sank back into his chair. "Fetch that Robson," he gasped.

In a few minutes Mr. Robson appeared.

"Look here, you wanted five thousand for that lease of yours. You shall have it if you clear out at once."

Mr. Robson smiled pleasantly. "I really ought to raise the price," he said, "for business has been so exceptionally good lately, but my word is my bond, Mr. Baxter. Just to avoid mistakes, put your offer in writing and I'll accept it."

Mr. Baxter took up a pen and wrote down his offer.

The young man picked up the paper. "Thank you, Mr. Baxter. I'll notify you that I'll accept this, and that you can have instant possession directly the money is paid. With what I've made the last few months I shall have a nice little capital. Perhaps I shall try running a departmental store of my own now."

Mr. Baxter shivered at the words. He hesitated for a moment, and then said abruptly: "Look here, young man, you've beaten me. To tell the truth, I've no fancy for you as a business rival. I need a smart man here. What I say is put your capital in my business, and I'll make you a director. You'll get rich quicker with me than on your own. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes," said the young man, looking Mr. Baxter straight in the eyes.

And though Mr. Baxter lost in the fight, still, when he watches his smart co-director at work, and the constantly-expanding business, he feels that after all he was the winner.

NOT CRICKET.

"TALKIN' about cricket," said Private Brown of the Fusiliers, "I remember a match I once took part in during the war in South Africa. We had made a bat and some wickets, and were having a game amongst ourselves, quite unaware of the enemy's presence in our vicinity. I was batting, and I saw the bowler raise his arm, when a shell came with tremendous speed towards my wicket. Like lightning I raised my bat and struck it, and it went for six and—"

Here he paused amid dead silence.

At last one of his hearers had sufficiently recovered to speak.

"Do you mean to tell me you hit a live shell?"

"No," said Private Brown. "It was an oyster shell that the bowler sent down instead of the ball!"

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*Will He
Win it
Again?*

J. H. Taylor and the Open Golf Championship, which He has Already Won Four Times.

THIS week sees the decision of the Open Golf Championship, for which both amateurs and professionals compete, although it is thirteen years since an amateur, Mr. H. H. Hilton, the famous Hoylake player, won the open trophy.

Especially interesting attaches to the Open Championship this year. In the first place, it is the Jubilee of the competition, which was first played for in 1860, then for the first time in the history of golf, certain clubs (sticks) have been barred from the game. The clubs forbidden by a recent decision of the committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, the governing body of the game, are of the mallet type, i.e., with the shaft stuck in the centre, or about the centre of the head.

This will probably handicap many players, but not the present open champion, J. H. Taylor, who all along has been opposed to the new-fangled clubs, the object of which is to make the game easier.

Finally, in regard to this year's competition, should Taylor repeat his victory of last year he will break all golfing records by winning the Open Championship for the fifth time.

When He Staggered Golfers.

True, there are two other players well in the running for the same honour, namely, Harry Vardon and James Braid, who have each won the Open Championship four times. Golfing opinion, however, favours Taylor, who is reported as being very "fit," and, according to his own account, "never better in my life."

Should Taylor win, it would be a greater achievement than a victory for either Vardon or Braid, for he was the first of the "triumvirate," as they are known in the golfing world, to win the Open Championship, which he did so far back as 1894.

The following year Taylor fairly staggered golfing humanity by again winning the Open Championship. Or rather it was not so much his victory as the fact that it was achieved at St. Andrews that made golfers gasp, particularly Scottish golfers. In 1900 Taylor won again at St. Andrews, and as the old, grey, Scottish university town by the sea is the scene of this year's competition, his evident liking for the course must be in his favour.

Taylor is a Devonian, and learnt his golf on the famous links of Westward Ho! taking part in working-man competitions promoted by that club. Like his great rival, Harry Vardon, Taylor started life as a gardener. Before this, however, he had tried to enlist in the Army and had been rejected for defective eyesight!

David and Goliath.

Having migrated to Burnham, Somerset, he became attached to the local golf club, and was eventually backed to play Andrew Kirkaldy, a home and home match, i.e., 18 holes, at Winchester, where Kirkaldy was temporarily acting as professional to the Winchester Club, and 18 holes at Burnham.

Kirkaldy is still a great match-player, and at that time was reckoned well-nigh invincible. In popular opinion it was a case of David and Goliath with the result a foregone conclusion. But "David" triumphed, although Taylor, in alluding to this match, which was certainly the turning point in his career, always modestly declares that Kirkaldy did not take the game seriously until it was too late to make up his lost ground.

However, Taylor's sensational victory brought him into prominence, and Kirkaldy, having finished his engagement, Taylor succeeded him as professional to the Winchester Golf Club. Later he went to the Mid-Surrey Golf Club, where he has been for a good many years.

As a player, Taylor's chief characteristic is his wonderful and deadly accuracy. From anywhere within sixty yards of the hole he will take his "mashie" and with a quick, easy shot drop the ball within a yard of the hole.

The Ladies who Talked.

Taylor, too, is a very good-tempered player, nothing ever ruffling him.

On one occasion, he was playing a match with Harry Vardon, when he was disturbed by two ladies, who stood behind, loudly discussing "servants," just as he was about to play a difficult shot. Taylor stopped, and wasted a little while, but the ladies went on talking. He "addressed" the ball, i.e., prepared to make the stroke, but finding himself altogether balked by the chatter, turned round and looked at the ladies appealingly.

"Oh," said one of them, "you can go on now, we've finished." Nevertheless, Taylor made the shot, and eventually won the match.

As a man, Taylor is universally liked and respected for his modest, genial, and sportsmanlike character. He is a professional, but he has a love, amounting to a passion, for the game.

When asked what he thought his old age would find him doing, he replied, "I don't suppose my old age will find me a champion, for one can't go on for ever, but I ask nothing better than to be allowed to play golf till the last day of my life."

SMITH STUMPED UP.

THREE friends, who had been spending the evening at their club, agreed that the one who failed to do the first thing his wife told him when he got home should pay for an oyster and champagne supper.

Jones, in trying to find the matches, trod on the cat. "That's right," said the wife, "kill the poor cat and have done with it."

"Well," thought Jones, "I'll have to do it or pay," so he killed the family pet.

Brown, in the dark, stumbled against the piano. "Why don't you break the piano?" demanded the wife.

Brown at once acted on the advice.

When Smith got home he stumbled on the top step of the staircase. "Go on," said his wife, "tumble down stairs and break your neck."

"Not me," said Smith; "I'll pay for the supper first!"

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

It is heard in the grim gaunt tenement

Where the voice of joy is dumb,

It is stabbing the anxious

mothers' hearts

In the foetid East-end

slum;

Like the plaint of a prisoned

bird of song

It rises afar and near

In a mournful measure

and cadence sad

That the heart alone

can hear.

On many a cheerless

playing ground,

On many a cot of pain,

Their childish cries one

longing have,

Their lisping, one re-

frain!

Oh, for a change from the desert drear

To the shores where the surges sweep,

And the breath of heaven comes softly in

From the wastes of the mighty deep.

Oh, for a joyous romp and a race

On a stretch of the wild, wet sands,

Where the white foam

wrecks the fabric frail

Upread by tiny

hands.

It's oh, for the seabirds' wild, shrill call

As they skim on the

salt-charged breeze,

And the glory of ocean,

air, and sky

And the smell of the

sweet pine trees.

It is heard in the grim,

gaunt tenement

Where the voice of joy is

dumb,

It is stabbing the anxious

mothers' hearts

In the foetid East-end slum:

Like the plaint of a prisoned bird of song

It rises far and near

In a mournful measure and cadence sad

That the heart alone can hear.

STUART FURNISS.

It costs 10s. to give a poor, slum kiddy a fortnight's bliss

at the seaside, and the Fresh Air Fund hopes to send away

over 4,000 this year. Will you send your 10s. to the

Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta

Street, London, W.C., and give one child the time of his

life.

HAIR-RAISING.

WHEN Pickerton, of Pickerton's Pure Preserves' fame, left the jam factory and settled down to the pursuits of a country gentleman, he evidently left his potting skill behind him.

Armed with the latest appliances for dealing out sudden death to anything in the game line, he and his friend, Grigsby, recently trudged over the brown furrows, but at the end of three hours they were still looking for something to start the bag with.

Suddenly a hare got up. Bang! came from Pickerton. Bang! from Grigsby, and over went the four-footed one.

"My hare!" shouted the ex-jam king.

"My hare!" cried his friend.

They argued for ten minutes as to whose weapon had worked the mischief; then the keeper was called up to adjudicate.

"You'd take your oath it's your 'are, would you?" he turned to Pickerton fiercely.

"If necessary, certainly."

"And you'd swear 'twas your 'are?" truculently to Grigsby.

"I would."

"Then, think yourselves jolly lucky you're escapin' seven years' apiece for perjury, 'cos it 'appens ter be my dog!"



*Getting
into
the Can*

What it is Like to Spend a Beer Evening with the Gay German Students.

THERE is consternation in the ranks of German students, for the Kaiser has just announced that he thinks they drink too much beer. To tell a German undergraduate that he ought to give up his beer mug is very like suggesting that football and cricket should be abolished at Oxford and Cambridge.

For centuries the German student has been in the habit of drinking beer in company, and during this time an elaborate code of etiquette has been evolved which everyone consorting on visiting terms with a students' club must understand. It must always be remembered that the beer consumed in Germany is a light lager, and not the heavy, heady liquor usually drunk in this country.

Anyone who has been a guest at one of these Beer Evenings will never forget the experience. There is an air of gay conviviality about the meeting, but the good fellowship is mixed with the discipline of a rigid code.

The honoured guest of the evening will probably be seated next the president or chairman, who has a mallet by his side for keeping order or demanding silence.

All Commands Given in Latin.

The visitor is introduced to the members and has a friendly chat before the president takes his seat and proceedings start. The president will rap on the table with his mallet and demand "Silentium!" for most of the commands are given in Latin, introducing the guest of the evening with a short speech, after which the company drink his health with many "Prosits."

Later on the guest must ask leave to address the party, when he must say nice things about the kind hospitality he is experiencing, and end by drinking the healths of those present in the same amount of beer in which his health has been drunk. For instance, if the president has ordered a "full one" to be drunk, the visitor must also drink a full one in return. Of course, the evening does not consist entirely of the drinking of healths, for different members of the club will sing songs, play the piano, and give recitations, while the favourite student songs will be sung in chorus.

It is very funny to see a room full of young men sitting round a long table and lustily singing a plaintive sentimental ditty or a rousing patriotic chorus, an open song-book in front of each. The president will rise, and, after a rap on the table, will utter his usual "Silentium," and then say: "We will now sing number so-and-so," adding the opening line.

A Special Toast to the Kaiser.

After the song is over there is a clinking of lids as the mugs are raised for a deep draught of the golden liquor, while a chorus of "Prosits" is heard. But the visitor must always consume exactly the same amount of beer as the person drinking to him if that amount is specified.

Then one student calls to another as he lifts his mug: "Mr. Smith, I drink a mugful to you first," whereupon the gentleman addressed cries "Prosit." Later on he replies to his friend: "Mr. Meyer, I drink a full one to you afterwards," and drains his mug with one deep draught. And the prescribed ritual between those two is duly fulfilled.

But the most solemn rite connected with drinking etiquette is what is known as the salamander. This is usually an act of special honour to a guest or the person—such as the Kaiser on his birthday.

When the momentous moment arrives the president looks all round the table while the waiters fill each beer mug to the brim; then, slowing rising, he gives an extra vigorous rap with his mallet, and says: "We will now rub a threefold salamander in honour of —."

Cans are Banged Down.

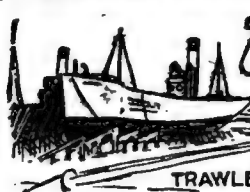
All the mugs having been duly charged, he asks: "Is everything ready?" to which a vigorous chorus answers: "Sunt." (A literal translation would be: "Are the materials prepared?" and the reply in Latin: "They are.")

Then comes the command, given slowly, but with military precision: "Ad exercitium Salamandri. Eins, zwei, drei." At the first three words all seize their beer-mugs and open the lids; at "eins" (one) they are raised to the lips; at "zwei" (two) they are emptied at one draught, and at "drei" (three) they are banged down on the table and the lids closed with a click.

Still standing, the president continues the ritual: "One is one, two is two, three is three," while all rub their mugs on the table with a circular motion, or drum them on their edges. Next, he rapidly repeats: "One, two, three!" three times, the mugs being banged on the table for each word, and the salamander is over.

Each different corps or students' club may have its own variations of the salamander, but this is its main outline. The president keeps order, and anyone who does not immediately obey his ruling is usually condemned to drink so much, "climb into the can," as the idiom puts it. As a student finds he has quite enough to do to answer friendly toasts, he does not like to be needlessly "put into the can," and will humbly apologise in order to get off.

A SPLENDID SERIES.



TRAWLER BUILDING

"Grimsby is Dependent Upon the Sea," jeers our Hull Reader.

It seems to be ridiculous asking where Hull beats Grimsby, as the latter place is comparatively so insignificant, and Hull has distinctions possessed by no other town in the land, being a county by itself. Comparison is all the more ridiculous when it is remembered that Hull is the third port of the kingdom, and in many ways the first, while it is the North Sea gateway of England.

As a port we rank next to London and Liverpool in the extent of our maritime and commercial transactions. When our new schemes are brought into full operation we shall have the finest dock accommodation to be found anywhere. At present our docks are even ahead of our importance as a great port.

Altogether apart from the extensive timber ponds, nine of our docks cover an area of over 160 acres. We do not fear the competition of the Immingham Docks, which, by the way, are not at Grimsby.

Our new Riverside Quay allows of the loading and unloading of fruit boats and Continental liners at any state of the tide; it is here that we have an effective set-off to Immingham.

As regards fishing, we own 500 steam vessels, which are genuine Hull concerns, and have a value of over £2,000,000, while 5,000 hands are employed upon them. Over 40,000 of our inhabitants are employed in connection with the fishing industry.

We Trade with the Baltic and German Ports.

Grimsby has nothing approaching our important shipping firms. One of these great firms, Wilsons, has a fleet of over one hundred large ships, being by far the largest private shipping house in the world. Of course, Grimsby does no such trade with the Baltic, North German ports, and the New World, neither has it such excellent land communication with other parts of the kingdom.

It should not be lost sight of that Hull has far greater advantages than Grimsby as a natural seaport, owing to its position further inland. We have a magnificent river front, the Humber being three miles across from the town to the Lincolnshire border. Our town being situated on the North side of the Humber at the point where it is joined by the Hull gives us great advantages. Apart from these natural advantages, Hull beats Grimsby from the fact that it possesses facilities which the latter town lacks. In fruit and general cargoes Grimsby is quite lacking.

Then we have so many separate industries which take us entirely out of the category of a mere fishing-town. It is a great mistake to consider that our whole living depends upon the sea, as in the case of Grimsby. We have other great industries, such as the seed-crushing trade; there is no place in the land which is so famous for its production of oil-cake, and similar materials.

In activity and progress, Grimsby lags far behind. Living is lower in Hull; indeed, Grimsby people have to come to us for everything they want beyond the common necessities of life. Whether they like it or not, Grimsby people have to shop in Hull.

Hull is of extreme antiquity and historical importance. It was King Edward I. who changed our name from Wyke-upon-Hull to Kingston-upon-Hull, a Royal city with a mint of its own. We sent 600 men, and raised £600 in order to repel the Armada. We took the first part in the Civil War, as John Hotham, the Governor of the town, refused to admit Charles I. and his attendants.

Our Cheap Tramway Service.

If I went into the great part we have played in the history of the land it would be little good, as Grimsby is quite unknown in these respects. Still, as early as the thirteenth century, the duties on exports at Hull amounted to one-seventh of the whole sum levied on exports throughout the kingdom.

As a city there is no comparison with Grimsby, as we possess some of the finest buildings in the kingdom. Therefore I must pass over any reference to our magnificent Victoria Square, the City Hall, the Town Hall, and the dock offices.

No other town in the kingdom has such a cheap tramway service, as the charge is only 1d. for any route from the centre of the city before nine in the morning, and 1d. afterwards. Then we have the finest telephone service in the kingdom, with the lowest charge, and we make it pay.

Where Grimsby has only one little garden, dignified by the name of a "park," we have several imposing parks, varying from the Pearson Park of 27 acres, to the East Park of 52, there being no comparison with Grimsby in any case. When it comes to our great garden village, containing nearly 300 houses and covering 120 acres, we beat Grimsby, which has nothing of the sort; we owe this largely to Sir James Rickett, Bart.

Where Grimsby beats Hull



FISH CURING

"Hull is the Refuge of Gaol-birds," retorts a Grimsby Man.

Our neighbour across the water affects to look down upon us because it is so big and we so small, but Great Grimsby is forging ahead rapidly, and there seems every probability of our overtaking the other place.

King John evidently realised our natural importance as a great seaport as he made us a town. Hull has done its best to strangle us, though it is not the third port, as it insolently claims, but is only the fifth so far as regards tonnage.

We have many advantages over the Yorkshire town, and beat it completely as regards the fishing trade; in this respect we rank as the first port in the kingdom, Hull playing second fiddle to Grimsby. Beyond all question of doubt, Grimsby is the premier fishing port of the world.

We have 600 steamers fishing out of the port, while Hull has only about 400; this refers to the great steam trawlers, and not to our sailing fleet, but every year approaching 100,000 tons of fish are dispatched from Grimsby. Actually we have about 1,600 vessels engaged in the fishing trade.

Grimsby possesses its great advantage over Hull from the fact that it is twenty miles nearer the sea. It is due to the nearness of our town to the sea that our vessels bring in live fish such as halibut, cod, haddock, skate, and ling, where Hull has none; and so it remains that we get live fish, but Hull does not.

If we get seventy boats landing fish we think it is only an ordinary supply to meet the usual demand, but if they get thirty boats in at Hull they think they are getting an enormous supply.

Hull has Seen its Best Days.

Grimsby has a big pull over Hull from the fact that it gets fish when there is none elsewhere, on account of the heavy gales experienced on the coasts and the North Sea. No matter what the weather, Grimsby invariably has fish, due to the number of its boats which are always at sea.

Now that the great Immingham Docks are about complete, there is no doubt that Hull has seen its best days, as Grimsby is bound to get a large portion of her commerce. The superior position of Grimsby will cause boats to sail here in preference to Hull; in order to get to Hull boats have to pass Grimsby and go up the Humber, further inland.

The Immingham Dock is bigger than the

largest of the docks at Liverpool. At the lowest ebb there is 28 feet of water, and accommodation for the biggest vessel afloat. In connection with the new dock the Great Central Railway Company has built sixteen miles of new railways.

If the schemes we have on hand are properly carried out, Grimsby will not only stand alone as the fishing port of the world, but also as the great commercial port. We are hoping that the Navy will adopt Grimsby as the great naval base for the North Sea. In the old days, our port was a great naval centre, as we supplied Edward III. with eleven ships for the siege of Calais, in 1346.

Grimsby Supplies the Continent with Fish.

Hull has nothing to compare with our great pontoon, that covered quay over a mile in length which deep-sea trawlers cover from end to end with freshly-caught fish. We supply even the Continent with fish. There is no other building of the kind in the world so large as our export shed on the west side of the Royal Dock. Our export trade is increasing at a vastly more rapid rate than in the case of Hull. Now we export approaching 1,000,000 tons of coal a year.

We beat Hull from the fact that we are at the seaside; Hull people have to make lengthy railway journeys to get to the sea, but we have resorts at our doors—thus Cleethorpes is only a short tramway ride away. Hull is cut off from the world, there being nothing but marshy flat land, and no town of any importance within fifty miles, with the exception of Grimsby. To get to the seaside Hull people have to make a long, tedious journey either to Skegness, Bridlington, or Scarborough.

Hull possesses some of the most vile holes in Christendom, but there are no slums to be found in Grimsby; also it is the refuge of gaol-birds. Undoubtedly, as regards a pleasurable and healthy place to live in, Grimsby is miles ahead of Hull, that collection of buildings around an open sewer.

Hull is as flat as a billiard-table, and has not the slightest natural beauty. It is in the midst of a big marsh, with the result that it is one of the most miserable places to live in—cold and damp—and to die in. Such is the nature of the ground that the Corporation had to erect a crematorium, as burials could not take place in the ground.

NOTE.—The Editor accepts no responsibility for any of the statements made in the above articles. He has simply inserted the remarks of his correspondents in full, neither cutting out nor adding to them. Next week: "Newcastle—Sunderland."



Holding Our Own

Gigantic Engineering Feats which Prove that Britain is not by any Means a Back Number.

In spite of what gloomy pessimists may say about Great Britain losing her grip of the world's trade, it would appear that in engineering, at any rate, we are not only holding our own, but grabbing other people's.

This comforting reflection arises from the fact that British engineering firms have recently secured, in the teeth of strenuous German and American competition, the contracts for two great South American railways.

To Cost £4,250,000.

The President of Chili has just signed a decree accepting the offer of Messrs. Griffiths & Co. to build the new Chilean railway between Cabildo and Toledo, a distance of about four hundred miles, at a cost of £4,250,000. Mr. Norton Griffiths, M.P., the head of the firm, has already started for Chili, and from all quarters of the globe the firm's engineers have been ordered by cable to join their chief at the seat of operations.

Some idea of the tremendous task undertaken by the contractors may be formed from the fact that they estimate they will require a million sleepers and over thirty-

five thousand tons of rails. There will be just under three miles of bridges and rather more than three miles of tunnels, and the earth to be removed is estimated at 14,000,000 cubic yards. With the exception of the sleepers, which will come from America, all the rails, tools for construction, and engines will be ordered in England.

This railway, which will be completed within five years, will ultimately form part of the much-talked-of Pan-American railroad system which is to extend from New York to Valparaiso. From Toledo a railway already runs up to Arica, and from Arica to La Paz another railway is being built by British capital.

A German syndicate was very keen on getting the contract for the Arica-La Paz railway, but it was secured by a company in which Messrs. Griffiths are largely interested, the contract price being £3,000,000.

No Rain for Forty Years.

For more than half the distance from Arica the line runs through a barren desert without any sign of vegetation, and this enormously complicates the difficulties of building. There has not been a shower of rain in the neighbourhood for forty years, and the absence of rain is so certain that the contractors have not troubled to build sheds to shelter some thousands of tons of Portland cement, but have left it out in the open.

About five hundred mules are constantly employed in carrying food, water, and materials up the mountains, water at one time having to be carried over thirty miles. More suitable water-carrying arrangements have recently been made, however, by means of a line of pipes about eighty miles long.

As P.W. readers may remember, another great South

American railway, the recently opened Trans-Andean Railway, is also British built, and these are only the larger of the engineering works being carried out in South America by British capital.

Britons Registered as Americans.

A Middlesbrough engineering firm recently wrested a big contract from the grip of several powerful American firms. This was a contract for 6,000 tons of steelwork comprising 400 bridges, varying in length from 7 feet to 105 feet, required in connection with the doubling of the South Manchurian Railway system between Su-chra-tun and Dalny.

Another British firm triumphantly carried the war into the enemy's country, and has recently finished the tunnelling of East River, New York, a tunnel the Americans were unable to build for themselves.

To obtain the contract the firm had to go through the formality of registering themselves as an American company, and they also had to agree to a penalty of £400,000 if they failed in their undertaking.

In the middle of the river is a low reef breaking up through silt and quicksand, but in few places was this reef high enough to cover the outer rim of the tunnel. This simply means that to drive through the quicksand the men had to work in compressed air that would resist the tendency of the quicksand to rush in and overwhelm them, and at the same time there was a constant danger of the roof of the tunnel being blown out by the immense pressure of air from within.

Men affected by compressed air die so quickly that special arrangements had to be made and doctors were kept in readiness for emergencies day and night.

Kind Uncle! Give your nephew a copy of THE SCOUT and earn his everlasting gratitude.



A Stupendous Hoax

And Its Amusing Sequel

By E. NEWTON-BUNGEY.

DICK ARMITAGE entered the Common Room with a sneer on his face. We had been waiting in anxious expectation for his entrance, but we had anticipated a different expression.

"When I went to my bed last night," he began in scornful tones, "I found brushes and sponges, and other articles in it. I also found the legs of my pyjama trousers had been sewn up. Expecting some such attentions I was on the look-out for them."

We all tried to laugh, but there was a curious hollow ring in the cackles we produced.

"They're the sort of tricks kids play on each other," Armitage continued contemptuously. "I expected something more elaborate from you chaps."

We rather resented this tone from a new-comer to Colonel Westover's Military Academy, but Armitage was the sort of chap who generally takes the lead wherever he is.

He was only going in for the Army for the fun of the thing, and he did not care whether he passed or failed. His father was John Armitage, of Birmingham, the millionaire hardware manufacturer. Dick Armitage had pots of money, his father making him a princely allowance.

"Now, if you chaps want to have a practical joke," Armitage said, "why not have something worth having? I've got an idea, I thought of it in bed last night, and I'll tell you about it after breakfast."

Just then the notes of a bugle were heard, and, according to standing orders, we proceeded to breakfast. Colonel Westover's standing orders were of a quaint description, his students always being referred to as "the squad," and a bugle call always preceded each item in the day's programme.

The Colonel was a fussy, apoplectic old boy, of the regular comic-paper type. His speech was always short and abrupt, he said, "By Gad, sir!" and "By the Lord Harry!" at every conceivable opportunity, and constantly referred in a vague and mysterious manner to his active service when a young man.

However, he was a first-rate crammer, but the same cannot be said of his assistant, Mr. Napple. The latter was a most curious creature; he belonged to some extraordinary society, and was for ever predicting terrible calamities which were to happen to the world in general, and to Britain in particular.

It was Napple who Dick Armitage had selected for his victim, for the reason that Napple had fastened on him as being someone fresh to air his views and predictions to.

"Well, what's this stupendous joke you've got in view, Armitage?" asked Jim Godfrey after breakfast.

Armitage's reply occupied about twenty minutes in the making, what time we alternately gasped, chuckled, and gave vent to incredulous comments.

"Why, my dear chap, it'll cost you five hundred pounds at least!" cried Godfrey.

"I don't care if it costs a thousand," Armitage replied calmly. "I can't spend the money my gun'or allows me; this will make an excellent outlet."

"I say, it's a most elaborate business. D'you think it possible to carry it through?" asked Eric Allison. "It would be simply ghastly if it fell flat."

"It won't fall flat," said Armitage in decided tones. "You leave it to me!"

Dick Armitage selected me as his assistant in the preparation of the stupendous hoax. Our first duty was to call on a printer and get his price for certain work.

He argued for some minutes that he thought it was illegal, but Armitage explained that the whole thing was a joke, we only wanted half-a-dozen pupils. A fat cheque soon eased his conscience.

Our next move was to call on a medical student, and after some palaver, that young man obtained for us exactly what we wanted. It was a white powder.

That same evening the printer delivered his work, and for the next half hour we read, broad grins on our faces.

"When are you going to work it, Armitage?" demanded Godfrey.

"Saturday," was the reply. Saturday was a holiday with us.

After dinner on Friday night, coffee was brought round as usual, and whilst I diverted Napple's attention with a question concerning the predicted fall of Britain, Armitage carefully emptied the white powder into the assistant's coffee.

He drank his coffee, and had no suspicion that it had been doctored, for the powder was quite tasteless.

A little while later he complained of feeling sleepy, and shortly afterwards retired to bed, much to our gratification.

We could hardly sleep that night for excitement, for it was the eve of the stupendous hoax. In the early morning we all assembled in Armitage's room, and then Armitage and I were carefully made up. Military moustaches, looking absolutely natural, adorned our upper lips, and a few wrinkles painted on our faces, gave us a much older appearance. We each donned new suits, and eventually made our way to Napple's room, walking very upright.

We entered without ceremony, to find the assistant fast asleep on his bed, fully dressed, except for his coat and waistcoat.

"He ought to wake any moment now," said Armitage looking at his watch. "The effect of the powder lasts for twelve hours."

Presently he shook Napple, causing the latter to grumble sleepily. A second shaking made him open his eyes, and he lay staring in sleepy wonder at his visitors.

"Well, Nappy, old boy, don't you know us?" cried Armitage. "We're just back from Canada, been released, and thought we'd give the old show a look up."

Napple blinked vacantly at us.

"I'm sorry," he croaked—his voice was as hoarse as a crow's, "but although you seem familiar I fail to recognise you."

"Well, five years does make a difference, I admit," said Armitage, "and five such years as Britain has gone through. Surely you remember Armitage? I was with you in 1910, passed out in May, 1911, and entered the 24th Hussars in July of that year. I'm a captain now."

Napple's lower jaw dropped, and he rubbed his eyes in a bewildered manner.

"1911," he muttered. "Why, that's next year!"

Armitage stared at him in well simulated surprise, and then burst into a laugh.

He took a newspaper from his pocket and thrust it into the mystified tutor's hands. On the front page were the following stirring headlines:

JAPANESE CAPTURE AUSTRALIA. THE LAST OF OUR FLEET SUNK.

Then followed an account of the shelling of Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, and the capitulation of the Federal Government.

By the time he had finished reading, Napple's eyes were wide open. The wonder on his face was simply indescribable, but when his gaze travelled up to the date of the newspaper a shiver ran through him from head to foot, and he stared up at us with an expression that reminded me of a lunatic.

He placed a trembling finger on the date.

"Look at that!" he gasped.

"Fifth of October, 1915," read Armitage in perfectly calm tones. "What about it?"

"Wh-wh-why, it's—it's—this is October, 1910," he spluttered, his gaze travelling from one to the other of us in a ludicrous fashion.

"Nappy, Nappy," said Armitage reprovingly. "What a night you must have had."

"B-b-but look—look at the calendar." He slithered off the bed and crossed to where a tear-off calendar hung over the fireplace. In large figures this proclaimed 1915.

A weird squeak broke from his lips, and he clung to the mantelpiece, staring round at us in a woebegone fashion.

"Five years, eh?" remarked Armitage, affecting not to notice Napple's condition. "And we've been all through the Canadian campaign."

"Canadian campaign?" groaned Napple.

"Yes, we were taken prisoners at the fall of Quebec, but we were released a month ago. Fancy the Stars and Stripes floating over a whole continent—from the Arctic Ocean to Cape Horn."

Napple did not say a word. He just clung to the mantelpiece and blinked at us.

"By the way, I heard of Godfrey the other day," went on

Armitage. "You remember Godfrey, he was up with us in 1910? He's afraid he'll be sent to Siberia, poor chap. He was with Kitchener's crowd at Calcutta when it surrendered to the Russians."

Napple's grip on the mantelpiece released, and he collapsed into a chair, his chin sunk on his chest, his eyes dull and blinking.

"Plenty of news this morning, Nappy," continued Armitage, thrusting the newspaper into the wretched tutor's hands again.

One column was headed—
THE TSAR VISITS THE CAPITAL OF HIS NEW COLONY.

And was an account of the Russian Emperor's visit to Calcutta.

And another column dealt with the assumption by President Bryant of the title "President of all the Americas."

I produced a paper and began to read it. When I laid it down Napple grabbed it and compared it with the one he had been reading. A horrible groan left his lips when he saw that it was the same, word for word.

"You might have made a reputation, Nappy, if you had lectured as a prophet," I suggested. "All that you predicted has come true."

Napple's head wagged limply, but he did not reply. He stared at the newspaper which lay open at his feet, again reading the various alarming headlines, and then began to sob in a weakly fashion.

"Never thought to find the old show open," ventured Armitage. "With no army, what's the good of paying to be crammed? Got any chaps here now, Nappy?"

"Fourteen," whimpered Napple. "At least, there were fourteen in 1910."

A sudden low whistle prevented Armitage's further remarks. It meant that the Colonel was on the way.

"Well, see you later, Nappy," Armitage said.

Following which, we departed hurriedly, and washed off the paint and removed the moustaches. Godfrey hung about in the passage, and he heard the interview between Napple and the Colonel.

"Fancy the Japanese taking Australia," Napple hazarded nervously.

"What?" roared the Colonel, with such vehemence that Napple, who was perched on the edge of his chair, slid into the fender and lay there in a heap.

"By the Lord Harry, sir, what tomfool rot are you talking?"

"It's in the p-p-paper," spluttered Napple, indicating the bogus newspaper Armitage had left behind.

The colonel snorted, grabbed the paper, glared at the staring headlines, and then stood still, his mouth wide open, his arms, stiff as ramrods, holding the paper on a level with his face.

"Gad!" he muttered. "What the——" Again he paused, unable to find words.

Then he caught sight of the matter dealing with the Russian occupation of India, and the President of all the Americas. His face took on a rich vermilion hue, his eyes bulged, and his moustache resembled the bristles of a stiff clothes brush.

In the midst of his mystified wrath came Napple's weak, pleading voice.

"If you please, sir, have you noticed any difference in me since October, 1910?"

"Since when?" roared the Colonel.

Napple repeated the date, and added, "It's five years ago, I know. Perhaps you've forgotten what I was like then."

"Five years ago?" gasped the colonel. "October, 1910, five years ago?"

He seemed on the verge of an apoplectic fit. Napple grew alarmed. Then the Colonel's gaze fell on the date of the newspaper.

"By the Lord Harry!" he bellowed. "Where did you get this from?"

"Captain Armitage left it, sir," protested Napple. "He was captured at the fall of Quebec, but has been released."

The Colonel stared at him, and then suddenly rushed from the room and presently burst into the Common Room like a tornado. He threatened Armitage with C.B., cells, pack drill, shot drill, and everything he could think of but Armitage smiled through it all.

"First-rate joke, wasn't it?" he asked in calm tones.

"Poor old Nappy took it in like a lamb."

The Colonel raved and stormed for a long time, and in the end Armitage and Napple had to leave the academy. But as Armitage obtained Napple a more lucrative post at his father's establishment, the stupendous hoax ended in a pleasant manner. Old Mr. Armitage was so tickled by it that he never dreamt of punishing its originator.

FORTUNES FOR FLYING MEN.

TWENTY years ago a man who could pedal a bicycle faster than anybody else was able to earn his £100 to £200 a week. To-day it is the turn of the flying man.

Given a good aeroplane, costing anywhere from £600 to £1,000, and the skill and pluck necessary to sail it successfully, and there is scarcely any limit to the money to be picked up during the next three or four months by the really enterprising airman.

Not in Britain alone, but all over the world, syndicates and committees are competing for his services. On the Continent Budapest is offering £24,000, Trouville £10,000, Nice £10,000, and Bordeaux, Milan, Verona, Berlin, Lyons, and Rheims £8,000 each.

Bournemouth is going to distribute a sum approximating to £10,000 amongst the airmen who will fly at her centenary celebrations next month, and nearly as much is to be earned at the Lanarkshire meeting in August. Wolverhampton, Blackpool, and Southport, amongst other English towns, are also arranging to hold meetings.

In America, too, fortunes are to be won. There is, for instance, £6,000 waiting for the first airman who flies from New York to St. Louis, and £5,000 for the first flight between New York and Chicago.

NO "LONGEST" DAY.

IT is usual to regard June 21st as being the longest day in the year; but this impression, like so many others that are ingrained in the popular mind, is not a strictly accurate one.

True it is, of course, that on this day the sun reaches the most northerly point in the zodiac, after which it begins to decline; but this is in theory only, because for several days about this time there is no observable difference in its position, or its hours of rising and setting.

At Greenwich, during the better part of a week, it is above the horizon from 3.43 in the morning until 8.17 in the evening, thus making a day of sixteen hours twenty-six minutes in London and its neighbourhood. But as we travel further north, these hours are, of course, lengthened until by the time we reach Edinburgh we have a day of about seventeen and a half hours.

At Aberdeen it is longer still, there is a glow equal to dawn through the whole of the brief night, and the title-page of a book can be read in the open air at midnight.

In the Orkney Islands the light at midnight is like a good twilight, and the text of an ordinary book may then be read. While in the Shetlands the smallest print of a newspaper is easily discernible.

THOSE ROYAL OATHS.

ALTHOUGH many people confuse the two together, the Accession oath and the Coronation oath are, nevertheless, two entirely distinct and different things.

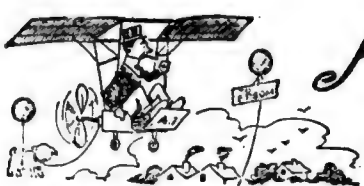
The Accession oath only dates from the year 1689, when the Bill of Rights was passed by Parliament, whereas there has always been a Coronation oath of some kind.

The early English kings touched the bones of saints on the high altars, and swore by the sacred relics. Afterwards, the use of the relics was dispensed with, various forms of words being substituted. Thus, King John swore "by God's teeth," William Rufus "by this and that" (per hoc et per hoc). King George will use the familiar formula "so help me God," and afterwards "kiss the Book."

It is worthy of note that the oath originally prescribed for William and Mary—and which they refused to take—has been twice modified, in 1706 and in 1821.

The Coronation oath is, of course, taken on Coronation day. The Accession oath could conceivably be taken on that day also, but it never has been, because in order to do so legally it would be necessary to have the Coronation precede the meeting of the first Parliament of the new reign, an obviously awkward arrangement.

Mr. Cottager! Your pig-sty will pay your rent if you study the pig-rearing section of THE
It costs only one penny each week.



All in the Air

A Few Things that May Trouble Aviators.
By ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.

AN enthusiastic aviator tells us that in a few years' time flying machines will be as common as motor-cars, and that everybody will be in the air. As a clear matter of fact, motor-cars are not so very common as our enthusiast seems to think. I know several people who are still without a motor-car.

The aeroplane craze will be all right as long as it is limited to one man, one aeroplane. At present, when the aeronaut is the driver of the machine he is as a rule too busy to think of much else besides the steering wheel and the flapper strings. It will be the aeroplane that holds twelve passengers inside, and fourteen out, that will want watching.

Passengers by aeroplane, not having to bother about the machinery, will have leisure to smoke cigars and read books during their mile-a-minute dash through the clouds. If you are in your garden and an aeroplane passenger pitches away the stub of his cigar so that it falls on your panama hat and burns a hole as large as eighteenpence, who is going to pay the damage?

I think that is a question that ought to be settled beforehand. Another question will arise as to the trouble likely to be caused by the dropping of books and things, as it will be very annoying to me if, just as I have stopped in the street to bow to a lady friend, I should suddenly receive an awful thump in the back from a "Pilgrim's Progress," or get an "Oliver Twist" in the neck.

To the City by Aerobus.

Besides, I have heard it said that the first sensations of flying men are not unlike those of the holiday tripper on his first steamboat voyage, and if that is so I think notice ought to be given to the police about it.

Presently, no doubt, the morning train to the City will be superseded by the aerial omnibus, which will do it in half the time, if not in less. If you are in a hurry, there can be no doubt that the aeroplane is the quickest. The train will take you half-an-hour to land you at the City station, whereas you can jump into an aeroplane, and in two minutes you may be in—eternity. And that's travelling, if you like.

Still, the City aerobus will no doubt enjoy a measure of popularity. You see, an aerobus is still at the mercy of the wind, and if the aerobuster, or whatever they will

call the driver, should find that he cannot land in safety till he gets to Brighton or Blackpool, it will be an ill wind that blows nobody any good. I think the people who are clamouring for an aerobus must have heard something.

And then, if you start out for your office on the morning of Derby Day, and your aerobuster loses control of his machine and has to land on Epsom Downs, your employers can't very well blame you. You'll be all right.

In this respect the aerobus will confer a boon on the sportful classes of the community, as a new excuse for being away from the City on Derby Day has long been wanted, and we can't all prevail on our grandmothers to fix that day for their funerals.

Our Lives will be Imperilled.

The arrival of the aeroplane has, of course, dashed away the pedestrian's last hope. Hitherto we have been able to escape the motor-cars on the road by taking to the field footpaths, where the motors cannot follow us. As a rule, if you skip up a bank into a hedge at the sound of a toot behind you the motor-car will not follow you. At least, not on purpose; and it is only fair to say that they always call it an accident at the inquest.

Now, however, if you dash from the main road into an open field you will be going out of the frying pan into the fire—though I doubt if motorists will like to have their vehicles called frying pans.

Just as you are glorying in the fact that in that broad expanse of green meadow you are at last alone with Nature, a passing aeroplanist will drop a jack-spanner on the back of your neck, and he will be already out of hearing before you have had time to collect your thoughts. Which, of course, is a pity, as at such a moment you would have so many interesting things to say.

As a rule, even now, the aeroplanist knows where he is going to start climbing into the air, but it is still a matter of uncertainty as to where he will come down. By-and-by it will be quite a common thing for a householder to be awakened in the dead of the night by a violent thud on the roof, and when he goes out to see where the earthquake is, a voice from the chimney pots will ask if he could kindly oblige with a quart or so of petrol as the aeroplanist's tank has run dry and his wife is sitting up for him a hundred miles away.

The aeronautical authorities are already busy framing rules of the air. If you meet another aeroplane you must pass it on the right, or else fly over the top of it.

The rule of the air is more varied than the rule of the road, as there are more directions to be taken. Motor-cars cannot, of course, climb over each other with anything like success, and if the feat is attempted it is always the other man's fault, and both sides have witnesses to prove it.

Bill Sikes will Like It.

We shall have several posers for the lawyers presently, when aeroplaning becomes more general. For instance, if an aeroplanist alights in your garden and hits himself against the woodshed, are you guilty of contributory

negligence, and therefore liable for any damages he may have sustained?

Also, if a flying-man falls out of his machine while you are looking on, and hits you with such force that he breaks his arm, can he claim damages from you under the Employers' Liability Act? I think the question ought to be settled in advance, as under the Act in question it seems to me that you can be made to pay for almost anything, whether you owe the money or not.

Enterprising gentlemen in the burglary industry ought to get an aeroplane at an early date. If you go down in the night and find a strange man trying to get into the kitchen window, he will only have to explain that he has just come down in his flying machine, and is trying to find out where he is. You will also be asked to accept his assurance that a jemmy and a life-preserver are part of the aeronaut's outfit, and are carried in every saddle bag.

Finally, in order to encourage the spread of aviation I have much pleasure in offering a prize of two Skating Rink tickets to the first aviator who shall fly, under the rules of the Aero Club, from Highgate Archway to the nearest canal in Mars. This offer is open to all-comers—I should say, flyers.

"Is he doing well in his new line of work?"

"Yes, indeed! He is already finding fault with the way his boss carries on the business."

"I was only acting the part of peacemaker," explained a prisoner.

"But you knocked the man senseless!" the magistrate pointed out.

"I did," was the answer. "There was no other way to get peace."

THE HERO.

SPUD MURPHY was being entertained right royally in the regimental canteen, and Ginger Jones was watching the revels jealously.

"Wot are they makin' sich a fuss o' that sandwich-cheested son of a doormat for?" he asked of a comrade.

"E's a 'ero, 'e is," said the man, "that's why. There's bin a cricket match this afternoon, and 'e's bin bowlin' 'E's a great bowler, is Spud."

"Ho! 'E got 'em out quick; did the 'at trick, eh?"

"No, 'e didn't. 'E never hit the wicket not once."

"Thought you said 'e could bowl?"

"So 'e can. W'y, man alive, 'e knocked out four of the sargent-major's teeth first ball. The bouncer won't be able to say—'Shun! As you were! 'Shun!' till he gets a new lot!"

GROWING TOMATOES.

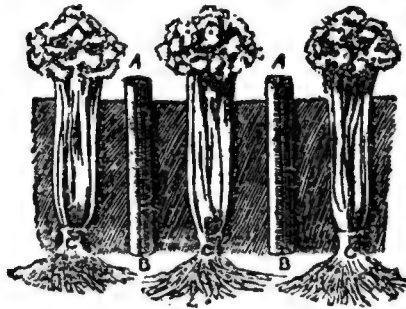
ALTHOUGH most of our readers who do a little amateur gardening may know that cucumbers can be grown in a cool frame, the fact that tomatoes can be reared in the same manner may be news to them. A frame of ordinary size will accommodate three good plants. Set three upright sticks at the top of the frame and three at the bottom and attach a cross-piece to each, as shown.

The cross-pieces should be about six inches from the glass. Place a plant at the base of each top upright, and as it grows train it up and bend it over the stick and the cross-piece. Leaves which shade the fruit should be partially cut away, but never cut out a whole leaf.

GETS TO THE ROOTS.

A smart, but simple, idea for growing large sticks of celery is illustrated here. It is often adopted by those who exhibit their products at horticultural shows. When the plants are earthed up fix a few drain-pipes between them so that water or liquid manure can be poured through to the roots.

The pipes should be placed about a foot apart, and the liquid, poured in at A, spreads from B to C, and thoroughly saturates the lower extremities of the celery. The growth of the plant is greatly helped by this procedure. Drain-pipes two or three inches in diameter are most suitable, but old pieces of iron piping make a good substitute.



Picture Hints for Gardeners

Useful and Seasonable Tips for the Man with the Small Garden.

DAISY CUTTERS—

It is quite annoying to anyone who takes a pride in his lawn to discover, the day after he has diligently cut it, that its verdant surface is speckled with daisies. The rake shown here will quickly put the matter right, decapitating every daisy which grows above the sward.

Curved teeth of thin steel are riveted to a plate, which is bent over at the top and forms a receptacle for the collected weeds. A raised rib stamped down the centre of each tooth, A, stiffens it considerably, and seeing that the metal is little thicker than brown paper, some strengthening is necessary. The daisies and other weeds get caught between the teeth and are neatly cut off.



—AND PANSY CUTTINGS.

The latter part of June is a good time to plant pansy cuttings, of which the illustration shows two forms. It is preferable to get small rootlets, as in the complete picture, but it often happens that a healthy shoot has none of these rootlets near enough to the point of growth, and therefore cuttings should be taken from below the axils of two leaves, as depicted at A. In any case, the cutting should be inserted in sandy loam with the ground line represented at B. Keep the cuttings away from direct sunshine for a time, and sprinkle occasionally, when good flowering plants will be secured for next summer. The young plants can be put farther apart early in spring; or if we have a late growing

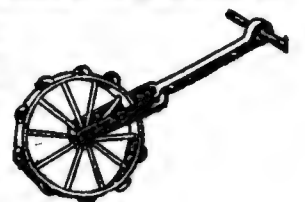


autumn, they can be placed in their permanent quarters then.

A MANGOLD PLANTER.

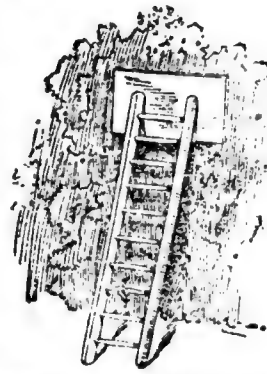
For the man who has a smallholding a labour-saving implement for planting mangold seeds or swedes is depicted here. It consists of a wheel thirty inches in diameter revolving in a forked handle. Iron knobs about three inches and

a half wide at the base are fixed to the rim at equal distances. As the wheel revolves over the land the knobs make depressions into which the seed is dropped by women or children who follow later. The seeds are covered afterwards by a light harrow or rake. A great economy in seed is effected by this implement, and because the plants come up in clumps the ground can be hoed and weeds killed when small.



HEDGE TRIMMING.

A neatly-trimmed hedge may form a finishing touch to a garden, whilst an untidy one may completely spoil it. Trimming a low hedge is easily managed, but unless care is exercised when dealing with a tall one the top of the ladder may press it irrevocably out of shape. A good notion is to fasten a piece of board about a foot wide to the top of the ladder, as illustrated. The board rests against the hedge and prevents the ladder sinking through. With a ladder treated in this way the weakest hedge can be trimmed without danger.



Jones minor! A capital new serial is just beginning in THE SCOUT. You're sure to like it.



When the Admiralty have got Our Lads in Blue Thoroughly Disliked.

Just at present the Navy is very unpopular at Falmouth. During torpedo operations a trawler was run down by a destroyer, four lives being unfortunately lost. Even before this lamentable accident bad blood had been created between the flotilla and the local fishermen.

Operations had been carried out on the fishing-grounds, much to the disgust of the Falmouth men, one gunboat even ordering some of them out of the manoeuvring area. They replied that they had their living to get, and would not budge, even after a threat had been made to fire.

This is not by any means the first time that fishermen have complained of naval operations. Only a few months ago the crabbers of Hallsands and Beesands were up in arms because the fishery in Start Bay was being damaged.

Those who know the lovely coast of South Cornwall will have seen those monstrous erections of corrugated iron that "adorn" the hillside above Talland Bay and Polperro which mark the Admiralty measured mile. Between these marks battleships and cruisers carry out their speed trials, and when they were first erected the fishermen of Looe, Polperro, and Fowey complained bitterly of the harm that was being done. Many attempts were made to induce the authorities to transfer the trials to a less frequented spot, but without avail.

Torpedoes to be Fired at Bournemouth.

There is a likelihood that the thousands of holiday makers who make Bournemouth their headquarters during the summer may see some exciting scenes during the next few months, for the Admiralty have just laid down a torpedo-firing range in Bournemouth Bay. It will be right in the track of steamers plying between Bournemouth and the Isle of Wight or Portsmouth, so naturally the people of the place do not approve, to say nothing of the traders and shippers using Poole. Representations have been made both to the Admiralty and the Board of Trade, and there the matter rests at present.

Dover was delighted when the big new naval harbour was at last completed, and already saw itself rivaling Southampton as a port, but now it is beginning to think that its rejoicings were premature. In fact, it is accusing the Admiralty of a dog-in-the-manger policy.

The authorities have ordered merchant shipping out of the naval harbour proper, and also forbidden the harbour tugs to use the eastern entrance. The Corporation and the Harbour Board have joined forces to protest in the strongest manner.

However, the town is not likely to obtain much satisfaction, for once the Navy takes possession it allows no one to dispute its authority. If a port is primarily for the use of the Navy, mercantile considerations must take a back seat.

The traders of Weymouth and Portland have recently been having their little tussle with the Navy. Portland is, of course, almost entirely a naval harbour, but for years a firm of coal merchants kept a hulk for providing steamers with fuel. The Admiralty decided this was in the way and ordered the owners to remove it. But they said they had a right to be there, and refused, so a naval tug came along, took up the hulk's moorings, and towed it out of Government waters. Much indignation has been caused, and a lawsuit is talked about.

Yachtsmen Very Annoyed.

When the great redistribution of the Fleet occurred a few years ago, it will be remembered that a very large number of warships were taken out of the effective list. There was some difficulty in placing these where they would not be in the way and yet could be brought forward when required.

They were finally towed to various protected anchorages round the coast, amongst which was the mouth of the Clyde. Now, as everyone knows, the Clyde is a great centre of yachting, and yachtsmen were indignant. They maintained that the anchoring of these obsolete vessels in the Clyde would interfere with free navigation and spoil the courses they had used for their races for many years. Meetings were held, and energetic representations were made to the Admiralty.

As the courts of inquiry held into the causes of several collisions show, the mercantile marine is not over fond of the Navy, its members maintaining that Naval officers blunder through the densely crowded narrow seas without lights and without taking due precautions, expecting every other ship to make way for them.

Another grievance is that target practice is often carried out in foggy weather, which renders accidents probable. It is certainly true that several ships have had narrow escapes, one steamer in the Forth having suffered a regular bombardment some years ago, the terrified passengers thinking they had come across the notorious Baltic Fleet.

Pavilion Personalities

Anecdotes About Cricketers in the Public Eye.

DR. GRACE is known all over the world as W. G., and K. S. Ranjitsinhji was commonly called Smith in his early Cambridge days because so few people dared attempt to pronounce his real name; but H. P. Chaplin, the New Sussex captain, is, possibly, the only man who has ever adopted a "cricket" name.

Three seasons ago, when Mr. Chaplin first appeared for his native county, he, for private reasons, did so as H. P. Chapman in a number of matches; and later, when he reverted to his proper surname, it was not at first known that H. P. Chapman and H. P. Chaplin were identical.

In those days Mr. Chaplin was an officer in the Indian Army, but he has now resigned his commission. In his new command he is following the best-liked leader, Mr. C. L. A. ("Curly") Smith, that Sussex ever had. Mr. Chaplin is a batsman who believes in hitting the ball hard, and he is a very smart fieldsmen.

It used to be said that when Percy Perrin and Charles McGahey were together at the wickets for Essex that scores of people could never tell "t'other from which," so alike were they.

Now that Perrin has put on flesh the task of distinguishing them is easier, however, and the distinction of being cricket's most confusing couple has passed from them to the Dentons of Northamptonshire. These Dentons, J. S. and W. H., are twins, and their remarkable resemblance to each other is responsible for several good stories.

Once, in a small match, J. S. went in early and made a lot of runs before he was dismissed. Later on, W. H. appeared and took his place at the wickets. As he did so, one of the umpires scrutinised him closely, shook his head determinedly, and said: "Now, then, this won't do, y'know! You've been in before, mister; we can't 'ave this sort of thing!"

The Dentons, of whom there are seven, are Wellingborough Grammar School boys, and although they are all good cricketers, J. S. is the outstanding bat. Great things are expected of him, and as he is only twenty they should come to pass.

Mr. C. B. Fry, whose recent slashing attack on the ethics of county cricket has created so much stir and discussion, is a striking example of the popular fallacy that cleverness and abnormal skill in games are not found together.

Despite the fact that he was the greatest all-round athlete of his day, Mr. Fry found time to become a scholar of his college at Oxford; and since "coming down" he has risen to the heights of editor, part author of a novel, and head of a training-ship for the Navy.

Mr. Fry is a particularly able conversationalist, and he will discuss anything from lacrosse to logic, or billiards to biology. Once two gentlemen were seated in a restaurant close by two others who were engaged in most animated and learned discussions on all sorts of deep and terrifying subjects.

"That's C. B. Fry!" whispered one of the gentlemen, nudging his friend.

"C. B. Fry? The cricketer, do you mean? Why, he talks intelligently, like a well-read, man!" said the other, in astonishment.

The most humorous event in Mr. Fry's cricket career is the fact that Surrey would not give him a place "because he wasn't good enough!"

YORKSHIRE'S new all-rounder, Drake, is the possessor of a most unusual first name. It is Alonzo. How and why exactly he was christened this is wrapped in mystery; but if—as it seems very likely he may—he turns out to be one of the cricket finds of the season, fathers and mothers, with a sneaking regard for Shakespeare's famous question, and an eye to the future, may feel inclined to bestow Alonzo on one of their male offspring.

Strictly speaking, however, Drake is not quite a find of this season. He played eleven innings for Yorkshire last summer, with an average of twenty-four, and took twelve wickets for twenty runs apiece. Still, it is only within the past month that he has begun to exhibit signs of really uncommon ability and to suggest a big future for himself as a left-hander bat and bowler. At the moment he is certainly the most interesting "new" professional before the public.

Drake, who is in his twenty-sixth year, has long been a well-known League footballer, and both for Sheffield United and Queen's Park Rangers he has made his mark as a skilful inside left.

"Well, how do you think you'll go on?" said the sergeant to a recruit in the police force, who had been told off for night duty.

"Oh, I'll be all right!" he said. "My mother's coming round with me for the first night or two."



My Life—
by Windsor
Castle

King Harold Left Me in Timber, but William the Conqueror had Me Rebuilt in Stone.

I AM not merely the oldest of British Royal residences, I am actually the oldest Royal Palace in the whole wide world, and no other has been inhabited by so many generations of monarchs.

Long before the Conquest the Saxon kings had a hunting-lodge at Windle shores, Edward the Confessor turned the lodge into a Palace, and it was from this that Harold, his son, virtually ruled all England for twelve years during his father's old age, and here that he had that bitter quarrel with his brother, Tostig, which indirectly led to such terrible results. For had it not been for Harold's enforced absence in the north, where at Stamford Bridge he fought and defeated Tostig and his ally the King of Norway, it is very unlikely that William of Normandy would ever have made good his landing, or have won the fatal battle of Hastings.

Almost the last act of Edward the Confessor was to hand over my buildings and lands to the Abbot of Westminster. But William the Conqueror had no idea of allowing the Church to keep me. "These excellent monks must not be tempted by such vanities!" he remarked, and, in a cool note to the Abbot, announced his intention of taking up his residence at Windsor.

Harold had left me timber, William rebuilt me in stone, and Henry II. made additions, remains of which can still be seen. The cruel, greedy King John slept within my walls, or—more likely—lay awake, gnawing his nails with rage, on the night before he was forced by the Barons to sign Magna Charta in Runnymede, or the Council Meadow.

Why the Edwards Loved Me.

Henry III. again added much to my size and importance, but it was not till Edward I. came to the Throne that the most glorious part of my history began. In the year 1307 he held within my park the most splendid tournament ever yet seen in England. All the Edwards loved me, and hunted in my great chase, which in those days teemed with deer, wild boar, and even wolves.

The third Edward born within my walls began his reign by appointing William of Wykeham to superintend the additions and alterations at a salary of a shilling a day. Chaucer, the first of English poets, was "clerk of repairs" under William of Wykeham, and in his "Romaunt of the Rose" speaks of "the lorde's sonne of Windlesore."

Edward III., who was a great admirer of King Arthur, determined to hold a "Round Table" at Windsor, and the result was a series of magnificent tournaments which brought together knights from half the Continent, and led to the founding of that greatest Order of English chivalry, the Garter.

Edward's son, the Black Prince, brought his prisoner, King John of France, to London, and riding beside him on a little palfrey, conducted him to Windsor, and entertained him within my stately walls, and later James I. of Scotland spent happy years as prisoner of State in the same State Chambers. By orders of Henry IV. he had every indulgence, and the best training that the times afforded.

Queen Anne Used to Go Hunting.

All our English queens have loved me and my shady parks. Good Queen Bess built chambers which are now comprised in the Royal library, and also caused the terraces to be made. She it was who, in 1593, asked William Shakespeare to write the play which, under the name of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, was acted in one of my halls in the same year.

Queen Anne used to hunt within my forest. In her later years, when stout and unwieldy, she rode not on horseback but in a chaise. She did not, however, live in the Castle itself, but in a small house on my south side.

How fond Queen Victoria of blessed memory was of my hoary walls and drives every one remembers.

Her ancestors, George I. and George II., lived mostly in London, but George III. spent his declining years in the lower chambers of Queen Elizabeth's building; and George IV. meantime, who was acting as Regent, resided at the lodge in the Great Park.

It was at this time that Parliament voted a large sum for my alteration and partial rebuilding, and during his reign and that of William IV. no less a sum than £771,000 was spent, the construction being carried on under the direction of Wyattville, who did his work with such a fine eye for effect that I can hold my own with any existing building for splendour and stately proportions.

Since that date many minor repairs have been effected. During Queen Victoria's reign £70,000 was spent upon my stables, but it remained for our late lamented King to instal electric light and bring me thoroughly up to date in every detail.

Mr. Gardener! To make everything in your market garden grow well and pay handsomely, study THE SMALLHOLDER each week.



The House of the Siren.

By W. HOLT WHITE, Author of "Mymms the Dreamer."

CHAPTER TWELVE. Cleo's Four-footed Guardians.

"I know that threats will not move you," answered the Shabby Man, "I know that, and that is why I am making you what I consider a fair offer now. Give me your help and you shall go scot-free."

"You will not get my help," said Markham.

"Then," said the Shabby Man, and a tone of persuasion crept into his voice, "do not fight against me. I will be quite frank. I will admit that it is you I dread. You are the only man I know of whom I should be afraid to fight."

"You will have to go on being afraid," said Markham.

The Shabby Man ignored this and broke into pleading. Once more he drew close to Markham and placed a grimy hand upon his sleeve.

"If you only knew what evil that woman has done," he cried, "you would not hesitate. My cause is a righteous cause, the cause of vengeance."

"Vengeance is never righteous," said Markham quietly. "You think not? Then you are wrong. I can see that you are obstinate now, and that it is useless to argue with you. You can go."

The Shabby Man flung out the latter words with an accent of utter contempt.

Markham was more startled than angered by his tone.

"You can go, Mr. Markham," the Shabby Man continued, "and we will leave you in peace for a week—that's to say, unless you become a menace. Let me, however, advise you not to continue your present course of conduct. If you do, you will be ground between the upper millstone of Cleo's friends and the nether millstone of her enemies."

Markham started violently. The Shabby Man had used the precise figure of speech which he himself had employed when thinking on this matter.

He would have spoken to the Shabby Man, but the Shabby Man had glided away from him and was already lost in the shadows of the dark.

Markham looked quickly behind him and ahead of him. The other shabby, sinister figures had also disappeared.

The Shabby Man had let him go! It was a galling thought. So galling that Markham swore to himself that he would have no truck with this man or his evil-looking followers.

He strolled onwards towards the Marylebone-road, and at every step his mood became more obstinate. When once he had gained the main thoroughfare he hailed a taxi-cab and drove down to the theatre. He was late. He would only just have time to dress for the performance.

During the quick drive to the King's Theatre Markham did his best to set his scattered thoughts in some state of order. But he could find no ray of light. Search his mind as he would he could discover no clue, not even a theory, which would enable him to explain the amazing mystery in which he now recognised fully that he was enmeshed.

As he alighted at the stage door of the King's Theatre and hurried across the pavement, he was accosted by someone who stepped out of the gloom.

Markham saw in a moment that his progress had been arrested by a shabby man. The whole world seemed haunted by shabby men. And this shabby man thrust into his hand a dingy, dirty, shabby note.

Markham grasped it and marched on without a word.

When he had gained his dressing-room he opened the note and glanced at it quickly. It simply bore the message in straggling handwriting:

"Think well. Don't be a fool."

"THE SHABBY MAN."

Markham was still holding the unpleasant missive in his hand when Jimmy Britton entered.

"Another billet-doux," cried Jimmy gaily, and threw a note on to Markham's dressing-table.

Markham opened it, and found that it was from his little friend the Duchess of Bury. It was an urgent summons.

Hilda, Duchess of Bury, wrote that she was in great distress and wished to see him at once.

For a few moments, as he held the little Duchess' note in his hand, Markham hesitated. He looked at the big, straggling, hasty, agitated handwriting.

He held the note up to the light and looked at a smudged and inky blur. It was obvious that his little friend had wept over that letter as she wrote it. Should he go to her at once?

So strange were the happenings in this business of Cleo van Dean that a crisis might conceivably arise at short notice, and Markham wondered whether any development had suddenly come about, bringing danger in its train.

PEOPLE YOU WILL MEET.

Mrs. Cleo van Dean is a rich American widow and adventuress who possesses the cherished gifts of beauty, wealth, and fascination. When she comes to London, men flock to her side, and she is responsible for numerous scandals and broken-off engagements. There is an air of mystery surrounding the house which she rents in Regent's Park, and it earns for itself the title of "The House of the Siren."

Leslie Markham: A popular London actor-manager who is keenly interested in hunting down criminals. His interest in Cleo is first aroused when he reads how an infatuated young Guardsman gave his life in order to save hers. He purposely meets Cleo and decides to watch her as he thinks she is a dangerous woman.

Lord Kenway: A young fellow who is foully murdered at the Albany by Christopher Hollford. Both are admirers of Cleo, and, as Markham has seen Hollford rush out of the building, stained with blood, he taxes him with the crime. Hollford does not deny it, and asserts that he cut a sign, it might be either a twisted heart or a C, behind Kenway's ear as a warning to Cleo's enemies. He also insists that Cleo has been greatly wronged, and before Markham can stop him he shoots himself.

Dr. Vantini is a mysterious Italian and Cleo's own doctor.

The Duke of Bury, Frank Beauville, and the German Baron van Steinheim seem to be loyally attached to Cleo in a deep, mysterious way. When they find that Markham is spying on the widow they give him a week in which to become her friend.

Hilda, the Duchess of Bury: One of Markham's young friends whom he vows to assist when he sees how the Duke is infatuated with Cleo.

Inspector Coates of Scotland Yard: The detective who takes up the cases of Kenway and Hollford.

The Shabby Man: An unknown character who warns Markham to be on his guard against Cleo, as she is a woman of death. He also inserts an advertisement in the MORNING POST telling Markham that if he consents to become Cleo's friend he will not live a week. The actor answers that he will do as he chooses.

Last week's chapters tell how Markham pays a visit to Cleo's mysterious house, and nearly capitulates to the widow's great charms. He has hardly left her when the Shabby Man creeps out of the shadows and touches him on the arm. He informs Markham that he holds his life in his hands, and desires to know which side he is on—Cleo's friends or Cleo's enemies. Markham jeers at him, and then witnesses a strange scene. To illustrate his enormous power the Shabby Man gives three sharp whistles, and from three directions come groups of three men, similar to the Shabby Man himself in every detail. After this, Markham consents to listen to what he has to say, but stipulates that he will not be coerced by threats.

He knew that Royalty was in the front of the house that night, and even he hesitated to disappoint them. It was not that he dreaded any damage to his reputation that his absence might occasion, nor any disfavour that might follow such an absence. His hesitancy was born of a dislike of discourtesy.

Picking up the telephone receiver which stood on his dressing-table, he put in a call for Lytham House. Then he turned to Britton.

"Is Manders here?" he asked.

Manders was his understudy.

"Will be in a few moments," said Jimmy tersely.

"Tell him to dress," said Markham. "He may be wanted. I may have to go off in a hurry."

Jimmy's jaw dropped.



Calmly and deliberately Markham prepared to shoot the dogs one by one.

"Good Heavens!" he cried in exostulation. "Surely you're not going to indulge in any tomfool business to-night! Hang it all, man, we haven't had the Prince here for a year. And to-night's a great chance—"

"Great chance be hanged!" said Markham shortly, and began to undress.

The telephone bell rang crisply.

In a second Markham had his ear to it.

"That Lytham House? Oh, good! The Duchess—yes, I want the Duchess. She's coming? All right, I'll hang on."

"Hallo, hallo! Hilda, that you? My dear child, what on earth's the matter? You seem to have written in the dickens of a hurry, and appear to be in a terrible state of mind."

The little Duchess' voice came chokingly over the wire. "Oh, Leslie, I'm in such awful—awful distress! I want to see you as soon as you can get through. Come up as soon as the show is over. I can't possibly wait longer."

"Can you wait as long?"

"Oh, yes! I don't think it matters for an hour or so. I'll just have to contain my soul in patience. But, for Heaven's sake, don't be longer than you can help."

"Bear up until half-past eleven," said Markham, "and I'll be there. And, above all, don't get frightened about anything. There's nothing in the world that can't be flattened out. All right, my dear girl, you needn't bother to thank me. You know I'm only too pleased to be of use."

Markham hung up the receiver, and the call-boy yelled at the door.

Markham roared for Jimmy

Britton came in, watchful and anxious.

"Hold the house up for a few minutes," said Markham, "till I tumble into my clothes."

Jimmy gave a sigh of relief.

"So you are going on?"

Markham nodded. He had no time for words; he was busy with the grease-paint.

Before he made his entrance Markham drew back into the shadow of the flies. He was seeking to control his brain. He was endeavouring to shut out from his mind all those thoughts of the Duchess and Cleo van Dean and the Shabby Man, and the thousand and one questions born of the thousand and one incidents which were passing through his head and monopolising his thoughts. With a great effort he reduced his mind to reason. He took a swift mental plunge into his part and stepped on to the stage.

A great roar of applause greeted him. Mechanically he first glanced up at the Royal box and bowed.

He was conscious across the shimmer of lights that certain members of the Royal family were extending him a welcome.

He bowed again, and then let his eyes roam round the house. And it came to him as a shock to see in the stage-box on his left the figure of Mrs. van Dean.

Mrs. van Dean, radiant and pulsing with life and emotion. He could see her white-gloved hands clap him. Fascinated, he looked straight into the green, snake-like eyes. And in a flash there came crowding back on him all the disturbing multitude of thoughts which he had by so great an effort thrust away.

Almost for the first time in his life, Markham was conscious that he was relying on the prompter. For a few seconds he stood speechless and confused. Then he began to stumble through his part. That his discomposure was evident to the audience became manifest at the first fall of the curtain; a gracious message came from the Royal party to know if Mr. Markham were indisposed, and

begging him, if such were the case, not to continue the performance.

Markham sent back a grateful answer, declaring that he was perfectly well.

Again he struggled with himself, and again he succeeded in shutting out from his mental vision the thousand pictures which disturbed his attention.

In the second act he went through his part rationally, if a little less brilliantly than usual.

Immediately after the close of the play Markham hurried into evening dress and made a dash for Park Street.

There he was shown up into the Duchess' boudoir, where she sat alone, and evidently endeavouring to extract some consolation and friendship from a pug-dog.

She sent the unfortunate pug-dog flying into a heap of cushions as she rose to meet him, and rushed towards him.

"Oh, Leslie," she cried, "I think my heart would have burst if you hadn't come soon! This has been the most terrible night of my life."

Markham took her by the hand and led her to a couch. "Sit down," he said gently, "and please try to be quiet. You are upset, I can see. At the same time, there is no reason why you shouldn't be reasonable."

"Leslie!" There was a world of wonder in Hilda's eyes and in her voice as she uttered the word.

Surely Leslie Markham, above all people, was not going to be harsh to her at such a time!

"That's all right, little girl," said Markham; "you needn't think that I'm going to deliver a lecture on self-control to a harassed woman. Nothing of the sort. You have got to regard me to-night as a species of mental doctor."

"I may say," he went on, adopting a gaiety of manner which he was far from really feeling, "that I have already diagnosed your case. I see that I have to deal with a broken-hearted and jealous wife."

The little Duchess flushed almost angrily.

"Leslie," she protested, "I don't understand you! If you want to be cruel, you can just go away. I think you are perfectly horrid. You ought to see that I'm absolutely miserable."

Markham patted her head. "I see that well enough," he said. "But I want you to help me to help you, and the only way for you to do that is to be as cheerful as possible."

Hilda smiled a desperately wan little smile.

"Oh, I will be cheery!" she said.

"Now," said Markham, "I am going to be as delicate as I can in my investigations of your mental state, but if I ask questions which hurt, you must forgive me. To begin with, it's Bill, of course?"

The youthful Duchess of Bury flushed hotly.

"Yes," she said—"yes, it's Bill."

She clenched her hands, and her eyes sparkled.

"Oh, it's horrible," she cried—"absolutely horrible!"

Three weeks ago I couldn't have believed that such things could happen as are happening now. And I won't stand it, Leslie—I won't stand it!"

"Of course you won't," said Markham soothingly.

"Meantime, let me hear the worst. I knew from the moment I got your note that it was Bury. And I suppose it's the van Dean person as well."

He spoke of Mrs. van Dean lightly, with the purpose of showing that he held no tender feelings in regard to the lady himself.

The Duchess' poor little face was pale again now.

"Yes, it's Mrs. van Dean," she said. "Do you know, Leslie, at first when Bill took to being away all day, and then away in the evenings and away at night, it never dawned on me that Mrs. van Dean had anything to do with it. Then Frank took to doing the same thing, and you know I was dreadfully worried on Kitty's account. It seems such a shame that Frank shouldn't be here with us, when he and Kitty have only been engaged for about a month."

"Then someone told me—I forget who it was, and it came to me quite by accident—that Frank was spending his time with Mrs. van Dean. I didn't believe it, and I didn't dare tell Kitty, because it would have broken her heart. Of course, I see now that the best thing I could have done would have been to send for you, and I wish I had; but, you know, one doesn't like to tell this sort of thing to a man at first. Of course, I couldn't talk about it to Kitty, and, as I had to tell someone, I mentioned it to Mrs. St. Helier. She said that she didn't believe that Frank could be really infatuated with Mrs. van Dean, but suggested that the best way to make sure would be to employ Peary Wise, the private detective, you know."

Markham whistled.

"I say, I say," he said, "but you are a foolish little body. Don't you know that Mr. Peary Wise has one of the worst reputations on record. He is more of a black-mailer than a private detective, and he never speaks the truth. If he says that Frank has been visiting Cleo too much, I should be disinclined to believe him."

"Would you?" cried Hilda brightly. "Oh, how splendid! Then perhaps it isn't true about Bill either."

"Ah!" said Markham thoughtfully, and with a smile. "And what about Bill?"

"Oh, Leslie," said the Duchess, "it's perfectly beastly to have to tell you. You can't understand or even imagine how frightfully humiliating it is to a woman to confess that her husband is in love with somebody else."

"But you've got to tell me, you know, if you want me to help you," said Markham.

"I suppose so," Hilda agreed, with a sigh. "Well, it's like this. Peary Wise told me that Frank was going up to the House of the Siren—Essex House, you know—night after night. And then he told me—the beast—that Bill was going there, too. And it seems that Frank and Bill, and the Baron—Baron Steinheim, you know—and, oh, and lots and lots of other men go up there every night and come away at the most unholy hours of the morning. Now, in the name of goodness, Leslie, what does all this mean?"

"I will tell you one thing it means, little lady," said Markham, "and that one thing should give you considerable comfort. Bill can't be making very desperate love to

Mrs. van Dean if all those men are there at the same time."

"Why, of course he can't," cried the Duchess, relief starting across her face. "Of course he can't. Oh, why didn't I send for you before? Anyway, what are we going to do?"

"Do!" said Markham, with a laugh. "What we have got to do is very simple. Sack Mr. Peary Wise and commission me as private inquiry agent. I will find out what's happening at the House of the Siren."

The Duchess rushed at him and impulsively stretched out her hand.

"Oh, will you?" she cried. "How jolly! How awfully splendid of you! When will you start?"

"Where is Bill to-night?" asked Markham.

"Out," sighed the Duchess, and her pretty face grew gloomy again.

"Very well," said Markham, "I will start to-night."

He rose from his seat to go. "After all," he continued, "there's no time like the present."

"But aren't you afraid?" asked the little Duchess in a voice of awe. "Aren't you afraid of that horrible place?"

You know there are awful stories about it. They say that it's guarded like a prison, and that all sorts of wild beasts are let loose at night to prowls about the grounds."

"Well, anyway," said Markham, "I'll go and have a look at this alleged zoo right away." And, laughing, he left her.

Though he laughed before the Duchess of Bury, Markham did not laugh alone after he found himself in a taxi-cab whirling back to his rooms in Jermyn Street.

He, too, had heard curious rumours—rumours to which at the time he had paid little heed—concerning the House of the Siren, which he now meant to visit.

Were those rumours true? That Cleo feared attack was, of course, as clear as day. And that Cleo would take every means to guard herself—especially at night—seemed a logical conclusion to arrive at.

Why did she guard herself? The stories of the wild beasts that roamed at large in the grounds of Essex House at night were, of course, preposterous.

If they were loosed at dusk, who could recapture them at dawn? Moreover, their presence in the grounds would preclude the possibility of Cleo's retainers passing to and fro.

Markham smiled at that story, and this was by no means the first strange, and possibly dangerous, midnight enterprise on which he had set out. He had scaled more than one wall in search of mystery and adventure, but the prospect of burglariously entering the grounds of Essex House was by no means pleasant, in spite of the excitement that the prospect offered.

Markham knew the geography of the place fairly well, and came to the conclusion that there was only one means of attack open to him.

To pass the lodge-gates was, of course, out of the question. To scale the iron railings which ran along the "Inner Circle" of the Botanical Gardens was, of course, impossible, too. No; he would have to walk across the Park from South Crescent and work his way round the back of the mansion. There he knew there was a high brick wall, thickly set with broken bottles. To a man of Markham's ingenuity an obstacle of that sort was not of much account.

He dressed himself for the expedition with a view to the contingencies ahead of him. He determined not to set out in too shabby a state, lest he should arouse the attention of watchful policemen.

On the other hand, to have dressed too smartly would certainly have been to arouse comment if he were caught prowling about the Botanical Gardens in the small hours.

He therefore arrayed himself in a fairly well-worn blue serge suit, and over that put on a modest overcoat.

In that overcoat there was what is commonly known as a "poacher's pocket," and in that pocket Markham stowed a slight but at the same time a staunch rope, on one end of which was fastened a strong steel grappling hook. This he took that he might climb the wall.

In his breast pocket he carried, doubled up, a patent air-gun of a large calibre. It was a powerful—indeed, deadly—weapon, and Markham felt that it was just as well to be armed. A revolver would have been useless, because, were he compelled to employ it, its report might arouse attention when he least desired it. The air-gun was safe and silent. For the rest, he had to trust to luck and the fact that if he were caught red-handed in any apparently nefarious doing he would be able to make a satisfactory explanation at Scotland Yard.

It was one o'clock when he set forth and drove to Portland Road Station.

There he descended from his taxi-cab, paid the man off, and turned into the darkness of the park.

Thanks to previous nocturnal perambulations, he knew the way quite well.

He climbed a low railing, and dropped into the park itself. He stuck to the trees and walked quickly among the shadows, making a wide detour.

At last he came to the high wall at the back of Essex House which was his goal.

There he paused to listen.

Everything was as silent as the grave. The June night was hot and still. Not a leaf stirred.

Pulling the rope from his "poacher's pocket," he made a clever cast at the top of the wall with his grappling hook. It caught. Then he gripped the rope with his strong hands, and, placing his feet against the wall, ran up it nimbly as any sailor.

He had already taken the precaution to sling his overcoat across the top of the broken bottles, in order to save any damage to his person. He sat for a few seconds on the top of the wall listening. Still there came no sound, and, pulling the rope over to the inner side of the wall, he slid down it and stood within Cleo's grounds.

There he paused once more to listen, and this time his heart leaped, as his ears caught a strange and yet familiar sound.

Ahead of him was a gravel path, and the sound came

from the shadows at the end of that path. It was the quick scrambling patter of some heavy beast coming at a hand-gallop across gravel.

Suddenly out of the dark appeared two red angry balls of fire.

The pattering of the feet on the gravel ceased. The two red balls of fire changed to globes of green.

Markham was staring straight into the eyes of some huge beast that was but a score of paces distant, and the gleam of the great beast's eyes, green to tigerish in the gloom, reminded him immediately of the sinister glittering eyes of Cleo.

Then the globes of green flame of the beast in front came towards him like twin rockets out of the darkness.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN. The Midnight Assembly.

WHEN Markham beheld the globes of green leaping at him like twin rockets out of the darkness, he had but a second in which to act.

He had, however, an eternity of thought, and afterwards his mind marvelled at the speed with which his brain must have worked.

In a flash he visualised the whole history of the tragedy in which he himself now seemed doomed to be a victim.

Mostly, however, he remembered the stories of the strange brutes which were said to wander through the gardens of Essex House at night.

And he wondered what strange brute was leaping at him now. He thought of his gun—the patent air-gun—which he had brought with him as an asset against danger. But there was no time in which to use it.

Instead he gripped the rope which dangled from the top of the wall, leapt upwards, and landed into safety. He landed into safety, but his right hand missed the overcoat which he had spread on the top of the broken bottles, and he felt the hot blood spurt across his palm.

For a few seconds he sat on the top of the wall, dazed and breathless. Beneath him the globes of green had turned to globes of red fire.

He was conscious that two great paws were stretched up towards him, and that a hot, fetid breath blew gustily against his feet.

The animal below him was apparently as dazed, as taken aback, and as breathless as himself.

Fortunately Markham recovered his presence of mind before the beast beneath him came to its instinctive senses.

A cloud drifted lazily from before the face of the moon, and a little ray of light showed Markham that the animal which he feared was formidable. It was, however, not of the cat tribe, as he had dreaded. It was a Great Dane that nosed upwards against the wall.

Now, Markham loved dogs, but any consideration for dog flesh was out of the question now.

He drew his air-gun from his breast pocket, flattened it out, and took careful aim, and fired.

There was the faintest of dull reports, and then a soft flop as the lead entered the brute's brain. The dog sank on to the grass.

But now out of the gloom came another pair of glowing eyes, and another, and yet a third.

In all Markham reckoned that three other dogs had nosed him out.

These Great Danes came forward in a lumbering gallop. They halted at the side of their dead comrade and sniffed uneasily.

Then they turned their big, blunt muzzles upwards and sniffed and whined gently. They made uneasy pawing motions of their feet.

Looking back on it afterwards, Markham was surprised at the calmness and dexterity with which he acted. He marvelled, too, at the absolute quietness in which he was allowed to effect his purpose.

He shot the dogs dead one by one. Then for awhile he sat crouching on the wall, craning forward and listening.

A whisper of wind stirred the leaves of the lime-trees about him, and a night-jar flew by with its quick "chip-chip." Silence again.

Markham knew dogs and their habits. He knew that if more of them were about the grounds they would be sure to gravitate towards the tragedy which had overtaken their fellows. But no other dogs came.

Markham braced himself, called on the last resources of his courage, bound up his bleeding hand, and for the second time slipped down the rope.

He stood for a few moments in the shadows of the shrubbery and listened again. No sounds came to him, except the distant and yet near-by roar of London's traffic along the Marylebone Road.

With great care he noted his bearings. He took an exact estimate of the point in the wall over which he had climbed. Then he stepped forward across the grass towards the house.

Thirty paces brought him to a sense of lights. Fifty paces showed him the house, darkly silhouetted against the dark sky.

At a hundred paces he halted and leant against the trunk of a giant beech-tree.

He had accounted for the dogs, but he wondered what other guards he might encounter.

Cleo, he recognised, must watch over her secrets closely, and it was almost certain that she would rely on two-footed as well as four-footed sentinels.

Still, Markham had come to Essex House with a purpose, and his purpose beat high in him now. He had won the first round, and he would win the second. He had every reason to believe that the dark mass of building before him sheltered not only Cleo, but her friends, and in all probability those friends numbered the Duke and Frank Beauville and the Baron.

Where were they in that great, silent mansion? In what manner, and for what reason were they assembled together?

"Anyway," thought Markham to himself, "it's my business to find out."

He left the shadow of the beech-tree and walked on. He had no notion in what way he could discover the secret meeting which he sought. He had no idea in what way he would be able to pry or to peep. For he had come there to pry and to peep, and he did not attempt to hide this distasteful fact from himself.

After all, he judged it to be his duty to play the part of a spy.

Just ahead of him he noted a big clump of rhododendrons. He ran across the moonlit space which intervened, and sheltered himself amid the mass of green leaves and now fast-falling blossoms of the rhododendrons.

From this point he took careful note of the house. He found himself just to the right of the path along which he had walked a few days previously, when he had left Cleo van Dean swinging in the hammock in her garden.

Just to the right, and in front of him, was the conservatory through which he had made his way both when he had entered the house and when he had left it. The conservatory itself was in darkness.

On the left of the conservatory the house was low-built and almost entirely in darkness. Markham judged that this portion of the mansion housed the servants.

On the right of the conservatory Essex House rose three stories high. There were lights in one or two of the topmost stories, but the first floor was entirely in darkness. The ground floor, too, showed no lights, except at the end of the building. Here was built out a curiously-shaped bay. The blinds of the room were evidently drawn, but lights showed between the cracks.

"And I shouldn't be surprised," said Markham to himself, "if my friend Cleo isn't there."

Should he go forward and see? Markham debated the point with himself for thirty seconds or so, and then decided on an advance.

He was grateful for the light of the moon, and yet fearful of it. The flood of silver light at least showed him that the immediate coast was clear. On the other hand, if there were any hidden watchers, his approach must undoubtedly be noted. Still, he was there to run risks, and he decided to go on.

Markham noted that all along the length of the house there ran a wide flower-bed. At the back of this bed were straggling laurels, which would afford some shelter.

On swift and noiseless feet Markham darted across the lawn, dashed over the path, and hid himself as best he could in the laurels.

There he remained for some moments, with his heart beating fast.

For five minutes he leant against the wall of the house and kept a keen watch in all directions. Nothing stirred.

(Another long instalment of this remarkable story next week.)

THE PITH OF THE PAGEANT.

Some Interesting Particulars About the Army Pageant, which Takes Place at Fulham Palace, June 20th to July 2nd.

ONE of the great points in favour of the forthcoming Army Pageant is that, whatever the weather, there will be no possibility of the public suffering any discomfort. The great stand that is being erected will seat over 7,000 persons. It is entirely covered, and the seats are protected from both wind and rain.

The stage itself will cover over ten acres, and Mr. F. R. Benson, the Master, has arranged for the formation of some beautiful natural "wings" by the plantation of hundreds of trees, a most effective innovation.

The Pageant itself commences with scenes from the life of the Ancient Britons, and, later, the Romans are in evidence. Needless to say, there is plenty of excitement in every scene, and any amount of fighting.

For instance, the battle of Crecy will be re-fought. The French cavalry will be seen riding down their own crossbowmen (the Genoese), as in the real battle. Then, under a withering fire from the English archers, the horsemen will fall into confusion and retreat. After that there will be depicted the famous incident of the picking up of the King of Bohemia's helmet, with its three feathers, which are thereupon adopted by the English Prince.

Another stirring episode will be the battle of Agincourt, which proved the use of line in attack against column. This battle will be followed by the English defeat at Patey by Joan of Arc, while Episode No. 9, the relief of Flushing, 1572, shows the change to firearms and the beginning of the modern army.

With the battle of Naseby, and the victory of Cromwell and his Ironsides, Part I. of the Pageant comes to an end.

Part II. will deal with "Stories of the Regiments in Famous Fights," and members of the actual regiments concerned will take part in these Episodes.

Here we shall see the battle of Dettingen, which was the last fight attended by a British Sovereign, and in this scene George II. will, of course, be a prominent figure. A leading incident to be portrayed is the gallant fight by Trooper Brown for the standard of the 3rd Hussars. Dropped by a wounded cornet, the flag is picked up by Brown, and then seized by a Frenchman, whom Brown pursues. After a fierce encounter, during which he receives several wounds, Brown kills his opponent and retakes the standard.

Another moving spectacle will be provided in the storming of Badajoz, followed by the great victory of Salamanca, a fierce engagement remarkable for the number of individual acts of heroism and daring on the part of the besiegers. It was in this action that Lieut. Macpherson of the 45th pulled down the tricolour and replaced it with his own red jacket to show that the place was won.

From what has been said, it will be seen that for exciting incidents the Army Pageant promises to be far ahead of any other similar spectacle yet prepared.

How to Succeed

Success to-day does not come to him who waits but to him who seeks it.

The waiting game may still succeed occasionally, but for every such success there are hundreds secured by young men who develop their ability by out-of-business training.

And so comes the question, are you working for early success?

Whether your work is at the bench, the desk, the mine, the loom, the anvil, or any other high or low step of modern industry, are you taking steps to rise above it now?

Don't labour under any delusion of limited powers. You can direct and manage just as well as the man who now directs you if you train yourself technically by means of the International Correspondence Schools.

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This is why I.C.S. Students are taking the high positions in every field of industry here and in the Colonies—why you can do likewise.

If you have some particular aim in life you can attain it more quickly through the I.C.S. than in any other way.

If you have no definite purpose other than a vague desire to get on gradually—knock out the "gradually" and let the I.C.S. push you along now.

Merely by filling in this coupon you can have your whole future success defined and assured—and proved by the evidence of other successful I.C.S. students (men no better than you) in your district, whose addresses will be sent you.



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It gives the most brilliant shine with the least trouble.



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A WOMAN'S GLORY

is her hair! Glossy hair of a natural colour helps a woman to retain her youth and good looks. No girl or woman can appear attractive with tresses of a dead or uncertain shade. Dr. Mackenzie's Hair Dye gives a youthful, glossy, beautiful head of hair in five minutes!

A MAN'S NECESSITY

in these strenuous commercial days is to look young. The grey-headed man is severely handicapped in business. Both men and women can, without the slightest danger, easily, immediately turn their grey hairs to their natural colours by using

DR. MACKENZIE'S HAIR DYE

Absolutely harmless; yet it never fails. Try it to-day. A large sample sent post free for only twelve stamps (plain wrapper). State whether Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown Chestnut, Ash Blonde, or Gold Blonde.

Dr. MACKENZIE'S Laboratory (Desk 2), Newcomen Street, London, S.E.

Mother-of-Four! Give each of your sonnies a copy of THE SCOUT, and make their happiness complete.

THEREFORE TEARS.

INA came from the country on her fifth birthday to visit her cousin May. At night they were put to bed early. An hour passed, when heart-breaking sobs were heard from the children's bedroom. "What's the matter, children?" asked May's mother, entering the dark room. From under the bedclothes Ina sobbed out: "May won't give me any of her sweets." "But May has no sweets," replied her aunt. "I know that," sobbed Ina; "but she said if she did have sweets she wouldn't give me any."

Chair Attendant (politely): "Threepence for the hire of the chairs, please."
Very Large Man (seated in empty row of very small chairs): "Threepence! I thought they were a penny!"
"That's right, sir—a penny each."

Mrs. Henpeck: "Do you remember when and where we first met?"

Henpeck: "Yes, it was on Friday, the thirteenth day of the month; I was at a dinner-party and there were thirteen at the table."

Mrs. Housekeep: "Now you've had your dinner, will you chop some wood for me?"
Wragson Tatters: "I'm afraid, lady."
Mrs. Housekeep: "Afraid of work, I suppose."
Wragson Tatters: "No, lady, but I'm a kleptomaniac, and I'm afraid I'd steal the chopper."

A ROARING TRADE.

"THERE'S no rule without its exception!" exclaimed a publican the other day to a group of his friends. "When I hear folk say 'Competition is the life of Trade!' I always think of the little game Mike Casey had with me some years ago."

"I was keeping a 'public' in the country, and bought a big 'tun' of beer in readiness for the annual fair. We carted the barrel into the field, built a bit of a shed over it, and painted up a big sign, 'Best Beer—Twopence per Glass!'"

"On Fair Day I did a roaring trade for an hour or two. Then business stopped. I knew there was no more beer on the ground, and the crowd was getting larger, and I couldn't make things out anyhow till I went outside and saw a lot of folk at the back of my shed. Then I caught sight of Casey, the thief, in his shirt-sleeves, hard at work serving out liquor to scores of people at 'half price.' "He had tapped the other end of my barrel—the rogue—and was competing with me at my own expense!"

"CALL that art!" exclaimed a would-be critic, pointing to a painting in a studio. "If that daub is a work of art, then I'm an idiot!"

"The latter part of your statement," rejoined the artist calmly, "would seem to furnish conclusive proof that it is a work of art!"

Servant: "Please, ma'am, can you give me my character?"

Mistress: "Certainly, Bridget; but what do you want it for? You are surely not going to leave me without giving notice first?"

Servant: "Oh, you never fear, ma'am, I'm not thinking of leaving you, but my sister's going into service, and she wants the loan of it."

Affable Traveller (to neighbour in railway-car): "Your name is very familiar to me, Mr—er—ah."

Quiet Stranger: "My name is Mactzonckiest Korozoctoctker. I am a Pole."

Affable Traveller: "Yes; er—it isn't your name so much as your face; I was about to say that your face is very familiar to me."

Quiet Stranger: "Yes; I have been in prison fourteen years. I was discharged this morning."

HIS DESCENT.

He was a gentler specimen of his class than one usually meets, and when he made his appeal for something to eat at the kitchen door he was asked by the good-natured cook to come in by the fire. As he sat there, she said: "You don't look as though you had always been a tramp."

"I haven't," he replied, without offence. "I came from a very good family."

She let him eat on without interruption, but after he had finished, she said:

"You say you came from a good family. May I ask the name?"

"It was Blankleigh," he responded.

"Why," she said, in surprise, "that's the name of the occupier next door to us."

"Yes," he replied. "I noticed it on the door-plate. That's who I came from. He threw me down his steps just before I called here."



Quips and Testlets



HE KNEW A THING.

Irritable Father: "Want to marry my daughter, hey? I suppose she thinks I am idiot enough to take such a young man as you are into my family, does she?"

Young Man: "No, sir. She didn't think it would be of any use for me to ask you. She said you were so cross and so contrary you would order me out of your office the moment I spoke to you about it."

Irritable Father: "Oh, she said that, did she? Well, I'll show that impudent young thing she doesn't know what she is talking about. You can have her, sir, any day you please!"

Mr. Acker: "What! You want a new bonnet? Why, I think the one you have is very becoming."

Mrs. Acker: "Yes, and so do the neighbours. They think it is becoming very ancient and decrepit."

Hotel Clerk: "We have only one room left, sir, and the bed is only big enough for one."

Foreign Guest: "Well, I suppose we had to take it; but I hate to have my wife sleep on the floor."

TACTFUL CADDY!



Bertie (to Caddy searching for lost ball): "What are you looking there for? Why, I must have driven it at least fifty yards farther."
Diplomatic Caddy: "Yes, sir; but sometimes they hit a stone and bounce back a terrible long distance."

Customer: "Yes, this suit fits me well. It is a credit to you."

Tailor: "Credit? No fear! My terms are cash."

Gertie: "I want to give my sweetheart a surprise on his birthday. Can you suggest something?"

Arabel: "Well, you might tell him your age."

Mistress: "And why did you leave your last situation?"

Applicant: "I was discharged, ma'am."

Mistress: "Discharged? Then I'm afraid you won't suit me. What were you discharged for?"

Applicant: "For doing well, ma'am."

Mistress: "Why, what do you mean? Where was your last place?"

Applicant: "In the hospital!"

SIGNIFICANT.

ELSIE came home one evening with a beautiful silver-mounted walking-stick, and her younger sister was anxious to know whence it came. But Elsie would not tell, so the curious one asked her father to obtain the information for her.

"I found it," Elsie poutingly said to her father, "floating on the waves one day when I was bathing."

But two days later Elsie's sister said to Elsie: "Come, tell me! What is his name?"

"Name?" repeated Elsie blankly. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, dear," said Elsie's sister, "that last night I tried to make that stick of yours float in the bath, and—well, darling, it sank!"

LUMBER.

A NEWLY-ACQUIRED millionaire, desirous of making a collection of old china, spent his time motoring through country villages in pursuit of good specimens. Entering a remote village one day, he knocked at a cottage door, which was answered by a rather antiquated old lady, who inquired what he wanted.

"Have you any old china for sale?" asked the millionaire.

His feelings can better be imagined than described when she answered:

"I haven't, my man, but I have some rags and bones I want to get rid of."

The City Man: "How did you enjoy the opera last night?"

The Country Man: "Foine! That feller that hollered 'Operry books! Books of th' Operry' had a great voice."

Louie: "Uncle, what's chagrin?"

Uncle: "Well, it's what a stout man feels when he runs his hardest and jumps on a tram-car that doesn't start for ten minutes."

Hinks: "Where I spent my holidays last year the thermometer dropped to zero."

Links: "That's nothing."

Hinks: "What's nothing?"

Links: "Why zero."

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

A LITTLE girl was rather given to exaggerating, and would tell wild stories of her adventures, for which she was duly punished on the grounds of telling naughty stories.

One day after her walk in the park she ran to her mother, exclaiming: "Oh, mummy, as nurse and I were walking in the park a great big lion sprang out, and would have eaten me up if nurse had not pulled me aside."

"You naughty child!" said her mother. "Go to your room, and stay there until you are sorry for telling such wicked stories, and ask your good angel to forgive you for telling such a naughty story about the lion."

Half an hour later her mother went up, and found her looking very penitent.

"Well," she said, "have you asked your good angel to forgive you?"

"Yes, mummy," was the reply. "I did ask, and he said, 'Don't mention it, Miss Brooks; I've often mistaken those big yellow poodles for lions myself!'"

"PERKINS looks very happy these days."

"He has reason to be," Brown replied.

"After his wife and children had been fitted out with their summer costumes, he found there was enough money left to buy a new straw hat."

THE prisoner in the dock looked carefully at the first witness called against him. Then he turned to the judge and said:

"My lord, is this man going to give evidence against me?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then I plead guilty—not that I am guilty, but I wish to save him from committing perjury."

"I REMEMBER your wife as such a dainty and pretty girl, Tumly, and yet they tell me she has turned out a fine cook."

"Turned out a fine cook!" exclaimed Tumly. "She has turned out half a dozen of them within the last three months!"

THE HANDY MAN.

MR. BREWSTER thought his front door looked as though a coat of varnish would do it no harm, and resolved to do it himself, to save the expense of a painter.

Finding an old "golden syrup" tin in the yard, he went off to the shop for some "best oak varnish." He placed it in the pantry for the night, and was up early next morning, and by half-past twelve had got the door finished.

"I don't like it now it's done," he said to his wife.

"It's bad varnish," replied she. "He's sold you the wrong sort of stuff."

He thought so, too, and went back to the shop, taking what was left with him.

"This is funny varnish you sold me," said he. "It's dull, sticky stuff."

After examining it, the shopman said, "This is not what I sold you. This is syrup!"

It then dawned on him that he had got hold of the wrong tin, and he went back home to explain to his wife, who at once said, "Good gracious, James! And I've made the pudding with the other tinfal!" Then, after a moment's pause, "You'll dine to-day on roast mutton and varnish pudding!"



Where there are Children

encourage them to use NUBOLIC Soap every time they wash.

For NUBOLIC Soap, besides being a most valuable cleanser, is also a powerful disinfectant.

Mothers will find Nubolic Soap an ever-ready help in safeguarding the children against serious illness, especially 'when infection stalks abroad.'

Remember, an ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure. Get Nubolic Soap into your home to-day, and keep it there.

Nubolic

DISINFECTANT SOAP

Three sizes of Nubolic are sold by all Grocers, Oilmen, and Stores.

Full lb. (16 ounces) 3½d.;
½ lb. (12 ounces) 3d.;
¼ lb. (8 ounces) 2d.

1,000,000 prizes, value £160,500, for those who save the wrappers from Watson's Nubolic Disinfectant Soap. Every prize guaranteed full value. Full list and particulars free from your dealer, or direct from,
JOSEPH WATSON & SONS Ltd., Whitehall Soap Works, LEEDS.



It does not overheat the blood—

that is a striking advantage of Quaker Oats over ordinary "rolled oats" and oatmeal. The reason is simple:—



Cook according to directions on packet.
"40 Meals for Sixpence."

Quaker Oats is milled in very thin flakes. These thin flakes cook through and through in a very few minutes. This thorough cooking cooks the starch and renders it easily digestible. Hence Quaker Oats, unlike ordinary porridge and oatmeal, does not overheat the blood.

All nourishment—no waste—and so delicious! Quaker Oats is the ideal summer food. You try!

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Headache CURED IN 10 MINUTES.

One Kaputine cures in ten minutes the most violent Headache or Neuralgia. We want to prove this safe and reliable medicine to every sufferer, and in order to do so will send you two free sample doses of Kaputine by return post.

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The description given of the little "Mab" as the smart shaving implement in the world is confirmed in thousands of testimonials.
Black Handle, 2s. 6d.
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The "MAB" SAFETY RAZOR, with extra blade, Price, 5/6.
The "Mab" blades used in this razor are absolutely perfect. — "MAB" Co., Newhall St., Birmingham.

TIRED MEN

When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me and I will send you a Book which shows how every man, young and old, may be quickly and thoroughly cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and all other ailments, WITHOUT MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two stamps. Mention this paper.
A. J. LEIGH, 62 and 63 Great Russell St., LONDON, W.C. Over 20 years' successful results.

Redfern's NAVY Rubber Heels



There are none better, very few as good, and they are supplied and fixed by all boot repairers.

Or you can fix them yourself. Men's 7½d. per pair; Ladies' and Children's 5d. per pair.

Redfern's Navy Quarter Tips, for those who prefer this style of rubber heel, are just as good in quality as Navy Pads.

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DAINTY
DISHES.

Potato Salad

Is now at its best with young potatoes in season. Slice them in a dish, scatter a little parsley over, and dress liberally with oil and vinegar.

Cheese Crusts

Are very good, and as stale bread and cheese can be used they are very economical. Cut some slices of stale bread into neat squares, butter thinly, and on each put one tablespoonful of grated cheese. Brown in a quick oven and serve hot or cold.

Small Ginger Cakes

Are always popular. Mix together half a pound of flour, three-quarters of an ounce of powdered ginger, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a quarter of a pound of butter. Mix these ingredients well together, and then form into a stiff paste with water. Roll out thin, cut into rounds, and bake on a tin in a slow oven.

Cherry Jelly

Is a popular way of using this very stony fruit. Stew two pounds of cooking cherries till tender, and then pass through a sieve to get rid of the stones. Sweeten to taste, add the juice of a lemon, and then stir in gradually one ounce of gelatine powder. When all is dissolved pour into a wet mould and leave till set. Serve with custard or whipped cream.

Gooseberry Soufflé

Put some gooseberries in a jar and stand the jar in a saucepan of water until the fruit is tender. Press it through a sieve, and to each pint of pulp add two ounces of butter, three ounces of bread-crumbs, four ounces of sugar, and two well-beaten eggs. Pour into a buttered piedish and bake in a moderate oven. Sift sugar over and serve.

Greek Pudding

Is a good way of using up cold meat. Boil some macaroni till tender, and put a layer at the bottom of a piedish, grate cheese thinly over and season with pepper and salt. Now put a layer of chopped cold meat, with ham if possible, next a layer of tomatoes. Continue this till the dish is full, ending with macaroni lightly covered with breadcrumbs and cheese. Pour a little stock in, put a few bits of butter on the top, and bake in a moderate oven.

George's Cake

Is the recipe you want, I think. Mix one teaspoonful of baking powder with three-quarters of a pound of flour, then add six ounces of currants, six ounces of stoned raisins, and one ounce of chopped peel. Cream two ounces of lard and two ounces of butter with six ounces of caster sugar, beat the yolks of three eggs and add to the butter and sugar, then stir in the dry ingredients and beat well, and at the last stir in the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Put into a greased tin and bake for one hour and a half to two hours. Half a teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon and ginger makes a nice flavouring, if liked. (Reply to FORGETFUL.)

CAKES AND PUDDINGS.

Last week we gave a recipe for a Currant Cake. We now give the recipe and method for making a

CURRANT PUDDING.

- 1 packet of Cakeoma.
- 4 to 6 oz. Fine Chopped Suet and a teaspoonful of Salt.
- 1 or 2 Eggs.
- 1 lb. Currants.
- 2 ozs. Candied Peel.

A third to half a glass of Milk.
(This is enough for a large family, and half the quantities is enough for 4 or 5 persons.)

Method.—Empty the Cakeoma into a large basin or mixing bowl and rub in the Suet and Salt. Then add the Currants, Peel, and the Eggs (well beaten), and the Milk, and mix thoroughly. Put into a well-greased basin and steam or boil for 3 hours, and serve hot with sweet sauce.

Madeira Cake recipe next week.

Cakeoma is sold only in 34d. packets by Grocers and Stores everywhere.

Recipe book will be forwarded on request to Latham & Co. Ltd., Liverpool.



How Wise Parents Can Overcome It.

By FRANCES MARY CURZON.

DO you know that the child is the cause of deep unhappiness in the lives of many sensitive mothers?

I am not writing of the older children. As a child grows and becomes a conscious individuality, thinking for itself, there is bound to be the natural conflict between it and the parents.

I write of the baby of a year and upwards, the first child mostly, the child that brings spring into the little house. The first child that both the parents love with a new passion they have not known in all their lives before, no matter how much they love or have loved one another.

And this makes it more queer, does it not, that the baby to whom you give that passion should sometimes come between you both?

But the baby does come between wife and husband in many cases. And it is strangely because of that passion you both feel for little him or little her. And it is because—jealousy never quite finishes with a woman.

Jealousy Is Never Admitted.

You have those unhappy moments of painful, unreasoning jealousy when the baby seems to show more affection for father than for yourself.

Sometimes you feel fiercely that you could never let the little one out of your sight for a single moment. You feel that you had all the real thoughts about it, by all the laws of suffering and of anxiety the child belongs to you alone. And so all the child's affection should by rights be yours also.

You would never admit jealousy when the baby shows a preference now and then for its father, but you know well that it is often there. Not admitting it, many mothers often show it.

I will give an instance that happened the other day. It was not a little house this time, but a London flat, occupied by two young married folk (both charming people) and the brightest little two-year-old (they tell me so, and they ought to know) in all London town.

Baby showed a sudden preference for the father when he had returned from his office—what is more natural, baby had had mother's company all day? Father, being a sensible young husband, saw that mother was noticing this. "Kiss mummy!" said he. "Baby, kiss mummy!"

But baby, for some occult reason, said "Shan't!" and absolutely refused to leave its shelter between father's knees to go to be petted by mother.

It persisted in this refusal. In the end, mother—a quick-tempered girl of twenty-five—became quite angry. Finally, she accused father of thinking always of the baby and never of her, and of encouraging

the child to disobey its mother. There were tears. Baby (poor little soul) was slapped because it wouldn't kiss mummy.

It is not to be wondered at that father lost his temper. There was a most uncomfortable evening. There were traces of tears at next morning's breakfast. It was at least three days before the flat again became the comfortable place it is usually.

It was very stupid, wasn't it? But that, or something like it, happens in a lot of houses. And all the married world knows that a child is as irrational in its whims, its likes, and dislikes as—what shall I say?—well, as irrational as some wives I know.

Now, I will tell you a more pleasant instance, and I think you will like the little story. To me it is like a little breath of cool evening air in summer.

A younger baby in another house had just started that lisping magic of the first words. (You know how a baby begins with that eternal meaningless "Da-da-da-da," and then, to the joy of its proud owners, suddenly achieves something that even the most critical of bachelor uncles must admit to be like real words.) Well, this baby started with the "Da-da-da-da," and then transformed it into "Dada-dada-dada," looking at its father the while. At about the same time it accomplished another miracle, namely, "Mum-mum-mum-mum-mum," and applied this correctly ("Wonderful" said everybody) to mother.

The Sight Mother Saw.

But the baby was far fonder of "Dada-dada-dada" than mother. And father noticed this; mother noticed it, too, you may be sure. And mother began to feel hurt about it, though, of course, she never said anything. But she felt it all the same.

Coming home one evening, she found father had got home before her. He did not hear her as she came softly into the room to see the baby on his knees. She stopped at the door. He was earnestly giving the mite a lesson—teaching it to repeat after him, "Mum-mum-mum-mum-mum-mum." When the baby said the other he stopped it time after time, returning patiently to the word "Mummy."

Mother went out as softly as she came and never told him that she knew. But there were never any quarrels about the baby in that house.

That husband was wise, and understood the "woman feeling."

The child will never "come between" if the mother is sensible, and guards against over-sensitiveness and the consequent jealousy. It is chiefly, too, with one-child families that this difficulty happens. There should be two children in every little house. Then both father and mother can be playmates with the baby at the same time.

HINTS FOR
THE HOME.

When Choosing Cod,

See that the gills of the fish are very red, the neck thick, and the flesh firm and white.

Coffee for Breakfast

Is especially good for elderly people. It aids the circulation and is most sustaining.

Save the Ends of Wooden Matches

For they are useful in reviving a dying fire. If kept in a box, they are ready for use at any time.

A Pretty Garnish

For cold dishes is made by chopping lemon rind and parsley finely, and scattering it over the meat, or on the flat edge of the dish.

Air the House

Daily even in the coldest weather if you would be healthy. Open doors and windows even for ten minutes in the worst weather.

Corkscrews

Are not always at hand when wanted. A good substitute is an ordinary large screw with a string attached to pull out the cork.

Silk Handkerchiefs.

Rinse them the last time in water with a little methylated spirit in it. Roll up in a cloth, iron on both sides, and they will have the gloss you desire. (Reply to A. P.)

To Cure Earache.

Warm a little salad oil to milk heat and drop it from a spoon into the ear. Another remedy is to roast an onion in the coals and take out the centre, put the fine point of this into the ear and let it remain several hours.

Feather Beds and Pillows

Sometimes have an unpleasant odour after being put away for a time. Set them on a clothes line in the sun and air for two or three days, and then give them a thorough drying before a clear fire. If this is not successful empty the pillows, have the ticks washed and the feathers thoroughly purified. (Reply to P. H.)

HANDICAPPED

For 17 years, but a Pure Food put him on his feet.

Many of us with the very best of health find the grind of daily work a great tax upon the energies; but when one is handicapped with ill-health the strain is almost unbearable.

To many men the sustaining and invigorating power of Grape-Nuts has come almost as a revelation, and thousands of invalids have been restored to vigorous health and strength by the use of this scientific food.

A striking instance is that of a man living at Lavender Hill, S.W., who writes:—

"I have been a great sufferer from chronic dyspepsia for the past 17 years, which was brought on by improper food and worry, and being an out-patient at several hospitals besides being treated by my own medical adviser, and at the same time getting no better, but rather worse. I began to despair, when a packet of your Grape-Nuts came into my hands. Even after eating this first packet I found a slight relief from my distressing pain, and gradually I began to get well; during this last winter I have not suffered in the least and have been enabled to eat food of every description.

"I find that Grape-Nuts taken with hot milk the first thing in the morning is a very great stay, also again in the evening for tea, and it has made a lasting cure, and I feel I cannot do without it. I have recommended it to many sufferers, who are very much taken with it.

"I find upon being weighed that I have gained 6 lbs. during the past 12 months, and my dull memory has much improved, which evidently shows that the brain has also benefited from the use of Grape-Nuts."

There's a reason. Name given by the Grape-Nuts Co., 36 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

Serve Grape-Nuts direct from the packet with hot milk, or cold if preferred. No cooking required. The food is delicious.



A PAPER PATTERN

of this

BECOMING BLOUSE

is GIVEN AWAY with the
Special Summer Double Fashion No.

of

HOME NOTES.

(Dated June 23rd, 1910.)

Now on Sale.

Price 2d.



MONKEY BRAND

Gives a big shine for little cost. Not a surface shine only, but a clean, wholesome shine right through, and, in the case of Pots and Pans, one that you need not be afraid to cook your meals upon. There's nothing of a greasy nature in its composition, neither need elbow grease be employed to use it.

Makes Copper like Gold.
Tin like Silver—Paint like New

Won't Wash Clothes

Benjamin Brooke & Co., Ltd.

CUTS

For cuts, bruises, burns, sprains, festering wounds, and all sores there is nothing to equal Zam-Buk. The great merit of Zam-Buk lies in its pure and unique herbal composition and its wonderful antiseptic quality. It immediately takes the sting out of a wound, allays inflammation, destroys dangerous germs, and prevents festering. Zam-Buk's way is Nature's way. Zam-Buk possesses healing properties which cannot be found in ordinary ointments or home-made salves. A box of this unique balm, obtainable at all chemists at 1/1½ and 2/9 per box, should always be kept handy at home, in the workshop, and when on holiday.

Zam-Buk

THE BEST DRINK FOR EVERYBODY

WRITE TO-DAY
FOR ARTISTIC
FREE BOOKLET
AND REPORT OF
TESTS AT THE
LONDON
HOSPITAL.



and especially for children is
PURE WATER.

Most children will drink water in preference to any other beverage, and their natural desire for this splendid stimulant should always be encouraged providing that care has been taken to purify it. For it is a well-known fact that many children's ailments and dangerous diseases, are caused by impurities in the water, and their often delicate state of health makes them as a rule easy victims.

THE "HOME" FILTER

ROYAL DOULTON MAKE.

is THE ideal tap Filter for home use. It can be put on the tap by anyone when required, and will give an immediate flow of pure sterile water sufficient for everyday use.

THE HOME FILTER can be obtained from all leading Stores, Chemists, and Ironmongers, or direct from The "HOME" FILTER COMPANY, 34 & 35 NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

WHEN OUT OF SORTS

the wisest course is undoubtedly to take Beecham's Pills. By so doing you call to your aid one of the most reliable curative agents known, and ensure a speedy and natural recovery. The "out of sorts" condition being almost always due to a derangement of the digestive organs, it is obvious that what is required is a medicine that can successfully deal with all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels. If you

TAKE

Beecham's Pills you lay the foundation of good sound robust health and incidentally remove the "out of sorts" condition. The immediate effect of these pills is to put the digestion thoroughly in order and when once this is achieved perfect health cannot fail to follow. Unlike the merely temporary effects of stimulants, a permanent exhilaration that springs from steady nerve force results from taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Beecham's Pills are specially suitable for Females of all ages.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) & 2/9 (168 pills).



I AM reminded of a certain well-known advertisement when I say: "I hear they want more Triples." In other words, I have received so many letters from readers asking me to restart the Triples competition which we ran recently that I feel I must accede to the general request.

O.T.C. Our Triples Contest.

The charm about Triples is their simplicity. As you will see from the front page this week, you are given certain letters, such, for instance, as H.W.C., and you may transpose these letters as you will, and, using them as initials, get the following Triples: Hot Weather Charming, Czar Wants Happiness, Husbands Welcome Cash, Women Hate Criticism, Work Causes Hump, and so on. It's really quite good fun, and I hope you will all have a try.

"I WAS talking to an old man the other day," says BERNARD, "and he told me that when he was a boy and lived in a little village in Lincolnshire, the people there believed that if one sat up fasting all night on Midsummer Eve, one would see the spirits of those who were to die in the parish during the next twelve months come and knock at the church door. No one, he said, ever had the pluck to put this to the test for fear of seeing themselves in the procession. Do you know anything about the origin of this curious superstition?"

I don't, BERNARD, but it was a common belief amongst country people until quite recent times. In the West of Ireland even to this day the peasants are convinced that everybody's soul leaves his body on Midsummer Eve and wanders to the place where he will meet his death. During the Middle Ages this night was always observed as a particularly noisy and cheerful festival. People used to light bonfires in the market-places, and keep up the fun with songs and dances until midnight struck. This custom was probably of a religious origin, for June 23rd is the eve of St. John the Baptist's Day, who, as you may remember, prophesied that "many would rejoice in his birth."

JUDGES wear wigs, ALFRED, because they lend such an aspect of gravity to the face. Even the most commonplace countenance looks dignified and commands respect when surmounted by a wig. The custom came over from France in the reign of Charles II., and being immediately adopted by the dispensers of justice then living, has been handed down to their successors. A triumphant French invasion, you see!

A.J.W. About Judges' Wigs.

"I WAS writing a letter the other day," says RUFUS, "when I came to the word 'lily.' I wrote it first of all with one l, and that seemed to me wrong, and then I wrote it with two, and it still seemed wrong. Finally I had to look it up in the dictionary. This set me wondering what simple word is most often misspelt. Perhaps you could enlighten me?"

According to Mr. Stewart Thomson, who has gone into the question pretty thoroughly, RUFUS, the word "oblige" is more often spelt wrong than any other word in the language. People will insist on presenting it with a superfluous d. "Repellent," I believe, runs it a very close second, and there are several others, such as paralysis, chloroform, and fuchsia, which are responsible for constant howlers. I think the worst bit of spelling I ever came across was in a note handed in by a small girl to the chemist with whom I deal. It ran as follows: "Pleas giver barer two sitless powders for a groan up adult who is sike."

MANY expressions now in everyday use have originated round the card-table, T. L., and "The game isn't worth the candle" is one of them. Before artificial lighting had reached its present high stage gamblers won and lost fortunes by candle-light. When play was slow and uninteresting the game, in the opinion of the players, was not worth the cost of the candle whose light made the cards visible.

W.T.C. Worth the Candle.

VINCENT is anxious to know something about how a London play is produced. "I have just been acting in some private theatricals," he writes, "and it set me wondering how they do these things on the stage. How long, for instance, do they rehearse a new play, and are the actors paid for this part of the business? I should also like to know whether at rehearsals they just speak their parts, or act as if there was an audience in front."

Roughly speaking, VINCENT, about three weeks or a month is the usual time allowed for rehearsing a fresh piece. Actors are never paid during this period, and if the play only runs one or two nights, as sometimes

happens, they have put in all this work for practically nothing. Of course, if actors were to combine they could compel managers to remedy this gross injustice, but, unfortunately, all attempts at any organised action have invariably failed.

Actors, as a class, are very independent people, and seem quite incapable of working together for the common good. At rehearsals all but the leading lady and gentleman act just as strenuously as though the play were being performed before an audience. The two principals generally reserve most of their efforts for the last few days, contenting themselves in the earlier stages with getting thoroughly at home with their words and positions.

The late Charles Warner was a conspicuous exception to this rule, and at the first rehearsal would throw himself into his part with as much energy as though it were the opening night. A final dress rehearsal will often last for eight or nine hours, so you can imagine that actors and actresses are frequently not at their best on first nights.

THE invention of billiards, CUE, is generally attributed to a French artist about the year 1571. Who brought the game to Britain is not known, but it is mentioned both by Shakespeare and Spenser, and the time of its introduction seems to have been the close of the sixteenth century. Slate billiard tables were introduced in our country in 1827.

O.O.B. Origin of Billiards.

W. G. (not the cricketer) has attended two wedding parties during the last week. "In each case," he says, "the couples had been courting five years. I asked one of the young men how on earth he had managed to write to his sweetheart all that time and yet find something fresh to say. He declared it was the simplest thing in the world, and that he found no difficulty in writing as often as twice a day. He added that after being engaged eighteen months a friend had given him a tip. 'Get *Pearson's Weekly*,' this friend had said, 'and you will always find something interesting to write about.' I thought that some of your readers might be glad of this hint."

That was very considerate of you, W. G. If there are any of my engaged readers who find that they invariably break down after writing "Darling—I love you so much," I have great pleasure in bringing your excellent plan to their notice.

I think it would be rather fun to have a little competition on these lines. I will offer a prize of one guinea to the reader who sends in the best love-letter founded on the present issue of *Pearson's Weekly*. You see the idea, of course. A nice interesting chatty letter, referring to the contents of the paper, perhaps telling stories taken from it, and at the same time conveying the writer's undying affection for the lady it is addressed to. You have most of you had some practice at this sort of thing, and I shall look forward greatly to reading the result.

Attempts should not exceed 100 words in length, and must reach this office not later than June 27th. Mark your envelopes "Love Letter" in the top left-hand corner, and address them to the Editor, P.W., Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

THE brown-faced, dark-haired people who tour Merry England in caravans, run cockshies, and tell fortunes are called "Gypsies," SUFFOLK, because they were supposed to have come from Egypt, Gypsy being a contraction of Egyptian. The fact is, however, that the original home of the Gypsies was India, whence they were driven by invading hordes.

W.N.G. Why Named Gypsies?

"THERE is a tobacco shop in our town," writes KALTAS, "which has a wooden statue of a Highlander taking snuff outside. While I was getting some cigarettes there the other day I asked the tobacconist what the idea of such a figure was. He told me that he had taken this particular one over with the business, but that these figures had always been used by tobacconists just like the barber's pole or the three brass balls of the pawnbroker. He had no idea why. Can you enlighten me on the point?"

I can, KALTAS, and with pleasure. The custom was first started by a gentleman named David Wishart, who opened a snuff and tobacco shop in Coventry Street, on December 31st, 1720, the birthday of Bonnie Prince Charlie. Wishart himself was an ardent Jacobite, and his shop soon became frequented by other admirers of the Stuarts. As a sort of symbol of his political belief, he put up the figure of a Highlander outside, surmounted by a thistle and a crown.

Up till then it had been the custom to use an effigy of a North American Indian. Wishart's original shop was in existence till 1881, when it was pulled down. The only wooden Highlanders I know of in the West End now are the two in Tottenham Court Road, one of which is outside Messrs. Catesby's shop, and is sometimes borrowed by medical students to put at the head of their processions. It is related that a very nervous man, directing an old lady to Whitfield's Tabernacle, once described this landmark as a "snuffly woodman taking Scotch," and then hastily corrected himself to "a Scotch snuffman taking wood."

"MOTHER CAREY'S chickens," R. E. B., is a nautical name for Stormy Petrels, those tiny, web-footed birds which sailors regard with such awe. When a storm is imminent they collect under the stern of a ship and superstitious seamen believe they follow vessels with the intention of picking up the souls of wrecked sailors and carrying them to Heaven.

M.C.C. Mother Carey's Chickens.

WE'RE starting work for the F.A.F. in earnest now, and in this number you'll find a little orange coloured slip, which is a collecting form in aid of the cheapest charity in the world. I am not going to offer grown-up readers any reward for collecting cash with these forms, for I am quite sure that if any reader is kind enough to do so he or she will do it out of the goodness of his or her heart without any wish for anything I could do for him. But I am going to offer a little encouragement for the children. I will give a nice little book for children to the fifty young readers who send me before the end of July the largest amount of money collected with these forms for the poor little kiddies of the slums. The book is called "Secrets," and it is written by Mabel Morris, who has kindly given us the books for that purpose. Will you please, fathers and mothers, let your little ones show their sympathy for the less fortunate youngsters by collecting for the F.A.F.?

By the way, on the red page opposite, you will find a list of the famous men and women who have signed postcard portraits of themselves, which are to be sold for the F.A.F. If you know of anyone who collects autographs, will you tell them about these postcards. They will thank you, and so will we.

THIS week we publish the third list of special days' outings with the Fresh Air Fund. As you know, £8 2s. pays for a day's outing for a party of 200 slum kiddies with the necessary attendants, and 9d. pays for every single child. Last year over 236,000 children were given a day in the country, and we hope to beat this this year. Here is the next list: June, 20th, H.M.S. "King Alfred" Day. June 21st, H.M.S. "Antrim" Day. June 22nd, Effie's Day. June 23rd, H.M.S. "Irresistible" Day. June 24th, H.M.S. "Minotaur" Day.

Fresh Air Fund Figures.

Amounts previously acknowledged, £1,413 16s. 10d.
Morris, 2s. 6d.; M. E. R. and W. T. R., 6s.; Lady Inchiquin, £25; Capt. C. F. Thorp, £1 1s.; H. M., 5s.; Boy and Molly, £1 13s. 6d.; W. G., 1d.; H. L. S., £1 1s.; Miss M. Sturdy, 5s.; J. Moser, £1 10s.; Miss S. Smith, 5s.; Mrs. Edwards, £1; Miss Tennell, 1s. 6d.; E. M. A., 10s.; A. Davis, 5s.; F. I. B. Beckford, £5; Mrs. A. E. Potts, £1 1s.; L. R., 1s. 6d.; Eric Loder, £20; G. L., 3s. 6d.; B. C. Mounier, 10s.; Mrs. Mattingly, 2s. 6d.; Erin, 7s.; Harry's Mother, £1; H. Stephen, 2s.; Miss H. G. Daussett, 1s. 6d.; J. D. Rogers, 4s. 6d.; A. W., £5; M. W., D. C. W., E. J. W., and C. W. W., £2 6s.; N. Cole, 1s. 6d.; "Greenback," 4s.; A. Friend, £1 1s.; Mrs. K. Barton, 5s.; Mrs. Croome, £1; Mrs. W. Fursdon, 10s. 6d.; M. T. K., 2s. 6d.; R. W. P., 10s.; C. E. Trew, £1; Miss E. McL., 1s. 3d.; A. Mother of Fourteen, 10s. 6d.; Mrs. Henderson, £8 2s.; A. Well-wisher, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Porcher, 10s.; Master Charles Malden, £1; Miss G. Stone, £1 1s.; H. M. C., 1s.; T. C. C. and family, 10s.; J. E. Chapman, £2; H. R. J. Bulley, 4s. 6d.; W. Towart, 10s.; Ellen Wise, 10s.; G. W. B., 1s. 10d.; Mrs. P. N. Clark, £1; L. S., and L. T., 2s.; Major W. S. Bokes, £2; Miss H. Bellairs, £1 1s.; E. Rockett, 2s.; M. and P., 3s. 6d.; N. C. G., 3s.; W. H. Cooke, £1 1s.; Grannie and Mother, 6s.; Catherine, 2s.; Miss Draper, £1 1s.; Collected—G. Bates, £1; Mrs. Stiles, 10s.; Miss Stuart, £1; Miss Boyd, £1 5s. 6d.; Ship's Company H.M.S. Edgar, per H. H. Smith, 12s. 4d.; Design Engineering Department, G.P.O., 14s. 6d.; J. B. Spred, 10s. 6d.; Officers and Engineers, S.S. Banana, £2 5s.; Miss Una Grieve and F. H. Weston, £10 2s. 6d.; Wannan's Marine Engineering Academy, £8 2s.; Engineers of R.M.S. Campania, per A. Cockburn, £2; Messrs. Henderson, Craig, and Co. Ltd., £8 2s.; the Staff, Commercial Cable Company, Waterville, £3 10s.; Ship's Company of H.M.S. Inghin, £1 15s.; the Salisbury Hotel, Boscobel, £4 15s. 2d.; H. G. Wilkinson, £1 12s. 6d.; K. E. Ling, 8s. 2d.; Hotel Cecil Staff, 10s.
Grand (P.W.) total, £1,550 1s. 1d.

There are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. These are borne by the promoters, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, the *Daily Express*, Limited, the *Standard Newspapers*, Limited, and the Ragged School Union. There is no distinction of class or creed. Ninepence pays for a day's happiness for a child; £8 2s. pays for a complete party of 200, with the necessary attendants. Subscriptions should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F. A. F., *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper. Collecting forms may be had on application.

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* For those marked with an asterisk (*) we must ask five shillings each, as we have only a very limited supply of them.

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We wish to tender our most sincere thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who so kindly consented to these postcards for us, and to Messrs. J. Beagles & Co., Little Britain, London, for kindly supplying us with cards at a special rate. We hope the sum they will thus enable us to raise for the Fresh Air Fund will be a big one. Please address your applications (inclosing a stamped addressed envelope to contain reply) with P.O.'s of one shilling or five shillings for each card to

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Result of Rubber Share Competition.

The Triples selected as the best by the adjudicators in Contest No. 4, together with the names and addresses of the twelve senders, to each of whom a prize of ten rubber shares has been awarded, are as follows:

R. O. G.—Office requisite, gumption.
CHARLES H. ABBOTT, Keynsham, Bristol.
H. D. C.—Dancer's harvest, "capers."
D. NORMAN, 11 Yeldham Buildings, Fulham Palace Rd, S.W.
H. D. C.—Cajoling Dad, hopeless.
MISS SNOW, Governor's House, H.M. Prison, Portsmouth.
R. O. G.—Retired oracle, "Granny."
MISS STREETER, 2 Hartley Road, Kirkby Stephen.
H. D. C.—"Heiress" counterbalances defects.
MISS S. CRAFTON, Greyhound Hotel, Darlington.
R. O. G.—Opate, Gaffer's reminiscences.
JOHNSON GRANT, High Street, Haddenham, Bucks.
R. O. G.—Roaming occupies gloaming.
MISS TOWELL, 16 Albion Street, King's Cross.
B. W. T.—"Bluff" warriors, travellers.
MR. HILBERT, 5 Stainforth Road, Hoe Street, Walthamstow.
H. D. C.—Cameras hamper "declarations."
MISS JONES, 1 Langdon Villa, Tenby, South Wales.
B. W. T.—Titanic word, "But."
EUSTACE BEETON, 90 Sherwood Road, Roxeth.
H. D. C.—"Hyphen" confers distinction.
WALTER VOLE, 271 High Street, Acton Hill.
R. O. G.—Our ghost, rats!
J. AGNEW, Hillside Terrace, Cambuslang, Glasgow.

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This Insurance holds good for any number of claims of £2,000 each—not for one only. £2,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

£2,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was travelling as a passenger (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of Pearson's Weekly on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Insurance Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have only paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature.....
Available from 9 a.m. Thursday, June 16th, 1910,
until midnight, Friday, June 24th, 1910.



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MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PLATE
PRESENTED WITH PART I.



COMING HOLIDAYS, 1910-11.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	Lighting Up Time for this Week.
Bank Holiday . August 1.	M 5 13 10 25	M 5 10 17 24 31	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 3 10 17 24 31	June 17 ... 9.17
Christmas Day December 25.	M 6 13 20 27	M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26	M 3 10 17 24 31	" 18 ... 9.18
Boxing Day . December 26.	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 4 11 18 25	" 19 ... 9.18
Good Friday . April 14.	W 8 15 22 29	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24 31	W 7 14 21 28	W 5 12 19 26	" 20 ... 9.18
Easter Monday . April 17.	T 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 8 15 22 29	T 6 13 20 27	" 21 ... 9.18
Whitsun Monday . June 5.	F 10 17 24	F 8 15 22 29	F 5 12 19 26	F 9 16 23 30	F 7 14 21 28	" 22 ... 9.19
	S 4 11 18 25	S 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 1 8 15 22 29	" 23 ... 9.19

A NEW DESSERT.

Splendid Offer to all Lady Readers.

ONE QUART OF THE NEW DELICIOUS CREAMY CUSTARD ABSOLUTELY FREE.

At last there has arrived a new dessert, and every lady who reads this is given the opportunity of obtaining free supplies of a delicacy that seems likely to carry the public by storm.

One of the greatest worries of the thoughtful housewife is the daily trouble of what to have for dinner. When the consideration of the chief course is settled, then comes the equally vexing matter—"What shall we have for dessert?"

Father, the little ones, and even mother herself get tired of the everlasting round of pies and puddings. There is a distinct call for something new, and at last it has arrived.

What is it to be?

Why, Cream Custard!

Mind you, not just ordinary custard, but something better.

Cream Custard, you should know, is made in a moment, but when it is made it affords just one of those dishes that the discriminating person will realise as perfect.

There is no long recipe to learn or to work out. If you send your name and address you will have forwarded you at once, free of charge, the means of making a quart of delicious Cream Custard.

When it is known Messrs. Foster Clark & Co. are responsible for the introduction of Cream Custard it will be realised that there is something good, something quite reliable at hand.

It is this house that makes the splendid offer of supplying all readers with quart packets of Cream Custard free of charge.

Cream Custard must not be thought just the same as custard made with ordinary custard powders.

Cream Custard is rich, creamy, nourishing, and delightfully palatable. Wherever it has been introduced it has met with a cordial reception, users saying that once they have tried Cream Custard nothing else will please them.

This delightful dessert is already obtainable at grocers' and the stores. It is made up in dainty 6½d. tins, and one tin will make twelve quarts of deliciously refreshing creamy custard. This means that sufficient Foster Clark's Cream Custard for one day will cost you about one halfpenny.

Foster Clark's Cream Custard is perfectly wholesome, nourishing, and delightful to the taste.

It takes but a moment to make, and by itself or with stewed or tinned fruits is truly excellent.

The taste is such as will appeal to all, young or old. You cannot tire of it, and as there are several distinct flavourings, constant variety may be obtained.

You are cordially invited to send to-day for a special quart supply of Cream Custard, which will be forwarded free of cost. There is no obligation whatsoever on those who accept this offer. The offer is made so that you may have an introduction to a dessert that is something new, something quite delicious.

All applications should be carefully addressed to Foster Clark & Co., Dept. 167, Maidstone, Kent. Your application may be written on a postcard if desired.



**THE POSTMAN BRINGS
ONE QUART FREE!**

FOSTER CLARK'S Cream Custard is perfectly wholesome, nourishing, and delightful to the taste.

It takes but a moment to make, and by itself or with stewed or tinned fruits is truly excellent.

Foster Clark's
Cream Custard

The taste is such as will appeal to all, young or old. You cannot tire of it, and as there are several distinct flavourings, constant variety may be obtained.

You are cordially invited to send to-day for a special quart supply of Cream Custard, which will be forwarded free of cost. There is no obligation whatsoever on those who accept this offer. The offer is made so that you may have an introduction to a dessert that is something new, something quite delicious.

A Dainty Dessert Always Ready at a Moment's Notice.

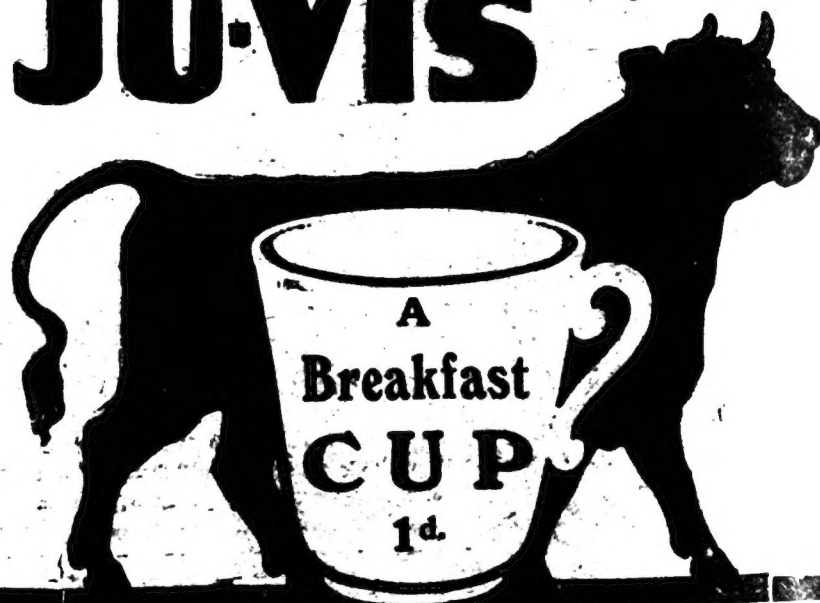
Forward your name and address (a postcard will do) and we will despatch by return a full quart packet free. Foster Clark & Co. (Dept. 167) Maidstone, Kent.



Eiffel Tower Lemonade is the cooling, healthful, delicious drink for this season of the year. Equally beneficial to children and adults. Buy a 4½d. bottle to-day. It makes 2 gallons of really good Home Made Lemonade. Highly recommended by the Medical Press.

Eiffel Tower Lemonade

JU-VIS



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2oz. Bottle, 6½d.; 4oz., 11½d.

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